



64 PAGES OF TWISTED TALES OF TERROR!

# NIGHTMARE

DEC  
1970  
50¢



the coming of...  
the **POLLUTION MONSTERS!**  
the ecologhouls of doom!



**DANCE MACABRE!**  
**ORGY OF BLOOD!**  
AND MANY MORE HORRIFIC HORROR YARNS





**THE POLLUTION  
MONSTERS** Page 2



**MASTER OF THE DEAD** Page 12



**DANCE MACABRE** Page 18

# NIGHTMARE™

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**CREATURE WITHIN** Page 52



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**MARK OF THE BEAST** Page 56



**THING FROM SEA** Page 44

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TAKE A DEEP BREATH...SWALLOW THAT THICK SMOKY AIR...SOMETIMES YOU CAN REACH OUT AND FEEL IT. THIS IS NO FAIRY TALE WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT. THE GOOK IS SPREADING ALL AROUND US, AND ITS BEGINNING TO TAKE FORM. JUST ASK BUTCH, ANNIE AND SONNY WHAT'S HAPPENING. BETTER STILL, SEE FOR YOURSELVES...



WHATTA DEAL! THAT OLD MAN ALMOST GAVE AWAY THAT SPECIAL FUEL SUPPLY HE INVENTED! BEST THING EVER TO HAPPEN TO US!

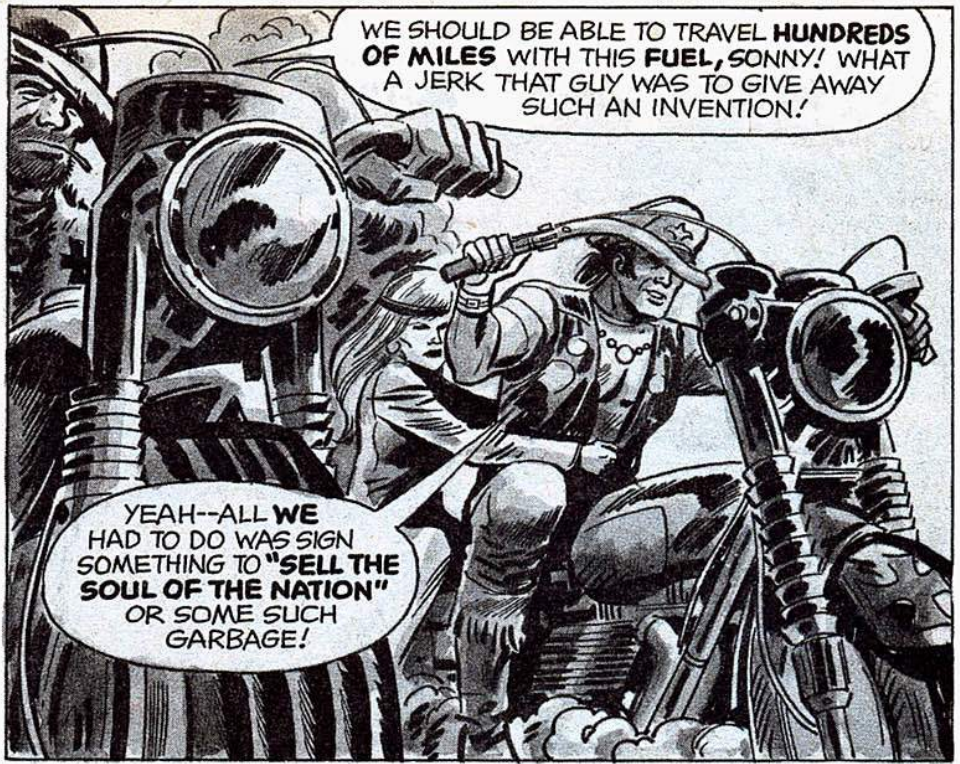
I DON'T KNOW, BUTCH-- LOOK AT OUR EXHAUST SMOKE! IT'S MUCH THICKER THAN IT SHOULD BE...SONNY, WHAT ABOUT THE POLLUTION PROBLEM?

DO YOU REALLY CARE ABOUT POLLUTION, ANNIE? BUTCH AND I DON'T! BESIDES, WE'RE JUST TWO 'CYCLES-- WHAT EFFECT DO WE HAVE?

IF YOU'D LOOK BACKWARDS, SONNY, BUTCH AND ANNIE, YOU'D SEE THE EFFECT OF YOUR EXHAUST FUMES...



YOU'D **SEE** THE MURKY GASSES  
SETTLING AMIDST THE POLLUTED TIDE-  
LANDS OF ONE OF THE BIGGEST CITIES  
ON THE WEST COAST.



YEAH--ALL WE  
HAD TO DO WAS SIGN  
SOMETHING TO "**SELL THE  
SOUL OF THE NATION**"  
OR SOME SUCH  
GARBAGE!

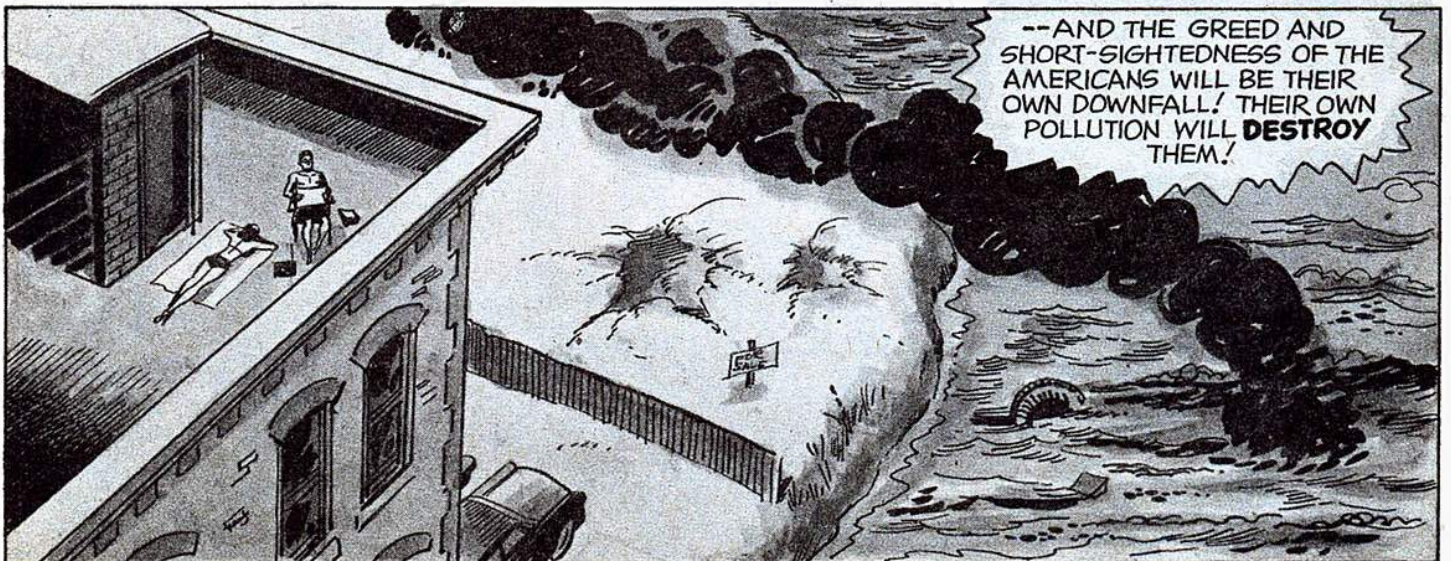
WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO TRAVEL **HUNDREDS  
OF MILES** WITH THIS **FUEL, SONNY!** WHAT  
A JERK THAT GUY WAS TO GIVE AWAY  
SUCH AN INVENTION!

SELLING THEIR SOULS! SOUND FAMILIAR? LET'S GO  
BACK JUST A FEW MINUTES TO THE **INVENTOR** OF  
THEIR FUEL...

HA! HA! THROUGH  
THEIR GREED, THOSE  
FOOLS HAVE FALLEN  
INTO MY BRILLIANT  
SNARE--



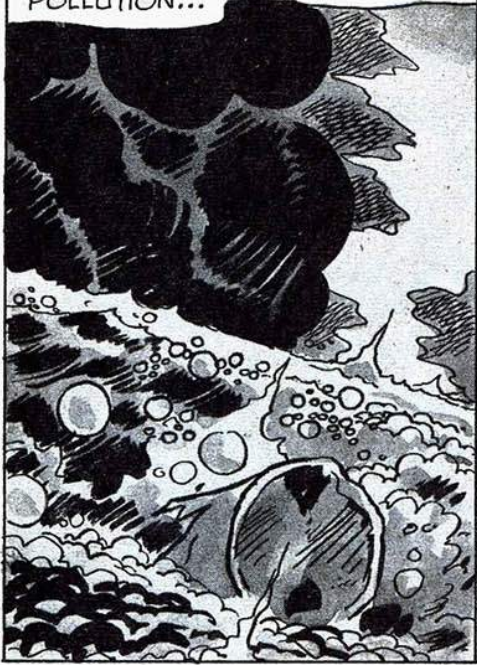
BY BECOMING MY UNWITTING  
**AGENTS**, I SHALL CAPTURE  
THE SOUL OF THE **ENTIRE  
COUNTRY!**



--AND THE GREED AND  
SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS OF THE  
AMERICANS WILL BE THEIR  
OWN DOWNFALL! THEIR OWN  
POLLUTION WILL **DESTROY**  
THEM!



SUDDENLY THEN, THROUGH  
DIABOLICAL MAGIC THE EXHAUST  
FUMES INTERACT WITH THE  
POLLUTION...



CHURNING...



MIXING...

SHAPING...



...CREATING A FRIGHTFUL, BUT  
PERHAPS **INEVITABLE** RESULT  
OF MAN'S DESTRUCTION OF  
HIS ENVIRONMENT.

THE POLLUTION HAS COME **ALIVE!**





THE CITY GOES **FRANTIC** AS THE PRODUCTS OF THEIR OWN  
NEGLECT COME FOR REVENGE...

WHAT'S HAPPENING?  
PUT ME DOWN!



GOT TO  
GET  
AWAY!

NO...  
NO! THIS  
IS SO  
UNREAL--

**HELP!**  
SOMEONE  
PLEASE HELP  
US!

...OVERCOMING THEM,  
DRAINING THEIR  
ENERGIES, IN FACT  
TAKING THEIR VERY  
**BODIES AND SOULS!**



THIS IS  
GHASTLY... WE'RE  
**HELPLESS!**

**HA, HA, HA!** ALREADY MY AGENTS  
ARE AT WORK--A WHOLE CITY OF  
SOULS ARE **MINE! MINE!**  
**HA, HA, HA!**

SOON THE  
WHOLE COUNTRY  
WILL JOIN  
MY FLOCK!  
**HA, HA!**



MEANWHILE, OBLIVIOUS TO THE DANGER AND  
TERROR THEY ARE CREATING, RACE OUR THREE  
CYCLISTS, RIDE ON...



...LEAVING MONSTERS  
AND **MAYHEM** IN  
THEIR ROARING  
WAKE!



THEIR ROUTE TAKES THEM THROUGH THE VALLEY, ONE OF WEST COAST AND THE COUNTRY'S LARGE PRODUCE GROWING AREAS...



--AND ANOTHER AREA WHERE MAN HAS POLLUTED HIS ENVIRONMENT! A PLANE OVERHEAD IS SPRAYING THE FIELDS WITH TOXIC PESTICIDES, SENDING POISON INTO THE BLOODSTREAM OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD WHO EATS THE SPRAYED FOOD!

BUT NO LONGER WILL MAN BE ABLE TO DESTROY WITHOUT PAYING THE PRICE! THE PESTICIDES MIX WITH THE DIABOLICAL EXHAUST AND THE NATURAL DUST OF THE AREA...



--AND ONCE MORE POLLUTION CREATURES INHABIT THE COUNTRYSIDE!



FIRST THE CITIES...NOW THE FARMLAND! SOON I WILL POSSES ALL SOULS!

**HA, HA, HA!**



AND THIS TIME NOT EVEN THE CYCLE RIDERS ARE SAFE...





PART  
2



BUTCH! SONNY!  
WHAT'S THAT?

...SOME SORT  
OF A CREATURE  
BUT W...WHERE  
DID IT COME  
FROM?

LIKE WHO CARES,  
MAN! LET'S MAKE  
DUST...BUT FAST!...

'CAUSE THERE'S MORE  
OF 'EM COMING UP IN  
THE DISTANCE!

CUTTING ACROSS A FIELD...

I DON'T THINK THE  
MONSTERS ARE SINGLING  
US OUT...THEY DON'T CARE  
WHO THEY GET...



SO HERE'S A WHOLE  
CROWD FOR 'EM TO  
FEED ON!







WHEW! JUST IN TIME! THAT MANEUVER GOT THEM OFF OUR BACKS!

NOW WHEN WE GET FAR ENOUGH AWAY WE'RE GONNA HAVE TA LOOK OVER THE SITUATION AN' TAKE ACTION!

DEATH

LATER...

--AND HERE IN THE MOUNTAINS, HE'RE'S WHAT I MEAN BY ACTION!

I FIGURED IT OUT AND IT'S OUR EXHAUST WHICH CAUSED THOSE CREATURES! WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THE GAS WHICH IS BEHIND IT ALL!

NO! WE CAN'T ABANDON OUR MACHINES! THEY'RE TOO VALUABLE!

WE MUST! I'M GOING AHEAD WITH IT--YOUR BIKE IS NEXT!



--THEN IF I CAN'T STOP YOU ONE WAY--



I'LL STOP YOU ANOTHER!

AND THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS CHUCKLES SOFTLY AS ANOTHER SOUL JOINS HIS REALM...



YOU KNOW HOW TO RIDE THESE ROADHOGS, ANNIE-- YOU TAKE BUTCHES!... CHEAPEST BIKE YOU'LL EVER FIND!







PANIC BEGINS TO SPREAD, AND A FRANTIC CALL IS SENT TO THE ARMY... "STOP THOSE MONSTERS AT ALL COSTS!"

THOSE DOGGONE SHELLS ARE BOUNCING RIGHT OFF THEM!

KEEP FIRING!  
WE'VE GOT TO  
STOP 'EM!

BA-ROOM!

KA-POW!

KA-POW!



...AND THE MENACING ADVANCE CONTINUES...



WHILE JUST A SHORT WAY UP THE ROAD, FATE PLAYS HER IRONIC HAND.

I'M OUT OF GAS! B-BLUTCH MUST'VE LET OUT MORE THAN WE THOUGHT!

DON'T WORRY CHICK! WE CAN SIPHON SOME OF MINE--SIDES I WAS GETTING A BIT WORRIED ABOUT THE STUFF MYSELF!



HERE WE GO--MORE CREATURES! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

WE CAN'T--WE'RE STUCK!  
THEY'VE SURROUNDED US!

WHAT ARE WE  
GOING TO DO?





ARRRGGGGHHH!

SONNY! SAVE ME! HELP!

HURRY...  
**HELP ME!**

AND THEN...MOTION MYSTERIOUSLY  
BEGINS... A HUGE UNEXPLAINED CLOUD  
OF DUST ARISES...

SUDDENLY, THE  
CLOUD LIFTS...

AND A SIGHT TO CHILL EVERY  
MAN'S SOUL ZOOMS CLOSER  
AND CLOSER!

AND NOW, THERE IS NO **NEED** FOR A  
DEVIL'S FUEL--FOR THE AGENTS ARE  
**HIS** FOREVER!

AND **YOU** OUT THERE  
...KEEP YOUR EYES ON  
THE ROAD BECAUSE  
SOON, WHEREVER  
THERE'S POLLUTION  
...WE'LL BE  
TAKING OVER!

TODAY, THE  
CITIES...TOMORROW,  
**THE WORLD!**

THE BEGINNING OF THE END!



WAS HE MADMAN OR GENIUS--THIS MAN WHO RAISED THE DEAD? DID JARNAC'S POWERS COME FROM THE DEVIL, OR WAS HE THE DEVIL HIMSELF? FOR WHO ELSE BUT THE LORD OF EVIL COULD BRING THE ROTTED DEAD BACK TO LIFE EXCEPT A ---

# MASTER OF THE DEAD!

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING...

BEFORE I'M FINISHED EVERY **ROTTING CORPSE**, EVERY **GRINNING SKELETON** AND HEAP OF DUST WILL RISE TO DO MY BIDDING!

PIERRE! MAKE THEM STOP! MAKE THEM GO BACK!



ONE NIGHT IN A SMALL CITY NOT FAR FROM PARIS...

NO HARM MUST COME TO HIM, UNDERSTAND? MY BROTHER IS NOT DANGEROUS!

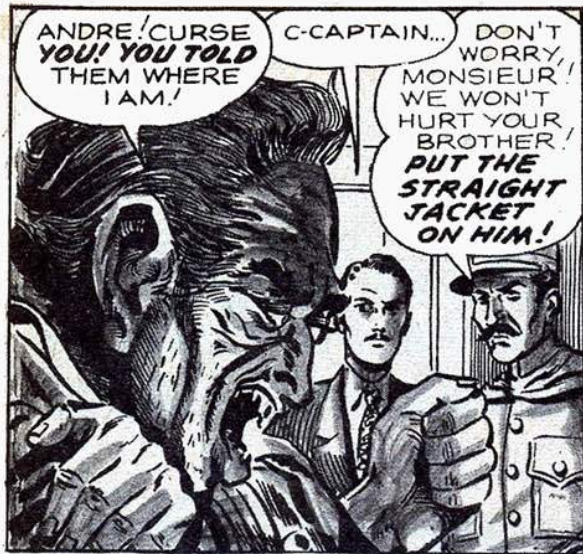
EVERY LUNATIC IS DANGEROUS, MON-SIEUR JARNAC! WE'RE GRATEFUL YOU TOLD US WHERE PIERRE JARNAC IS HIDING... ALL RIGHT, MEN! **BREAK INTO THE CELLAR!**

THERE HE IS! **SEIZE HIM!**

T-THE POLICE! NO! NO! **DON'T COME IN!**







ANDRE! CURSE YOU! YOU TOLD THEM WHERE I AM!

C-CAPTAIN...

DON'T WORRY, MONSIEUR! WE WON'T HURT YOUR BROTHER! PUT THE STRAIGHT JACKET ON HIM!



ARISE YOU DEAD! ARISE! (GASPS) IT IS YOUR FRIEND, PIERRE JARNAC, WHO APPEALS TO YOU! DON'T LET THEM TAKE ME AWAY!

HE IS MAD INDEED! HE'S TALKING TO THE CORPSES AS IF THEY COULD HELP HIM!



THEY WILL HELP ME! SOME DAY THEY'LL ALL RISE TO MY BIDDING! EVERY CORPSE IN THE UNIVERSE... I'LL BE THEIR MASTER! I'LL RULE THE WORLD!

GET HIM DOWN QUICKLY! I'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO QUIET HIM!



GO AHEAD! INJECT SLEEP INTO MY VEINS! IT WON'T SAVE YOU! SUCCESS MUST COME! THE DAY WILL COME WHEN I SHALL HAVE VENGEANCE!

LET US PRAY NOT!



MINUTES LATER...

HE IS UNCONSCIOUS NOW! TOO BAD HE CAN'T ALWAYS REMAIN THAT WAY! WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF ALL THIS RESEARCH... THESE CORPSES?

IT'S AN OBSESSION OF MY BROTHERS! PIERRE THINKS HE CAN BRING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE TO OBEY HIS BIDDING!



PIERRE WANTS POWER! AN ARMY OF THE DEAD TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS! WOULDN'T IT BE HORRIBLE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF OCCULT EXPERIMENTS... IF HE SUCCEEDED?

HOW CAN HE SUCCEED? ONLY A MADMAN BELIEVES IN SUCH THINGS! IT'S JUST A FIGMENT OF A LUNATIC'S IMAGINATION!



A FEW MONTHS LATER, IN A HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE...

YOUR BROTHER STILL CLINGS TO HIS MAD IDEAS, MONSIEUR JARNAC! HE SAYS HE'S GOING TO BREAK OUT AND RETURN TO HIS EXPERIMENTS!

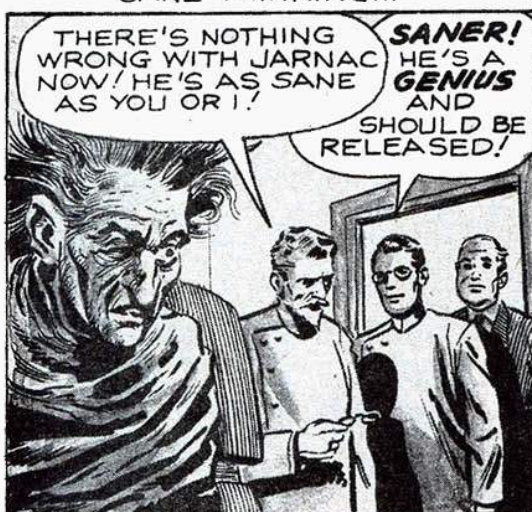
PIERRE... THEY'LL NEVER RELEASE YOU IF YOU DON'T CHANGE YOUR THINKING..





A YEAR LATER, HAVING COMPILED A RECORD OF CONSISTANT GOOD BEHAVIOR AND SANE THINKING...

SIX MONTHS LATER... WHEN PIERRE JARNAC'S RELEASE CAME THROUGH...



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, OUTSIDE A MILITARY CEMETERY NEAR THE MARNE...







NOW HE HAD A READY SUPPLY OF CORPSES, AS MANY AS HE WISHED... TO EXPERIMENT WITH!



DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, MONTH AFTER MONTH THE EXPERIMENTS WENT ON, RELENTLESSLY, **GHOULISHLY!**



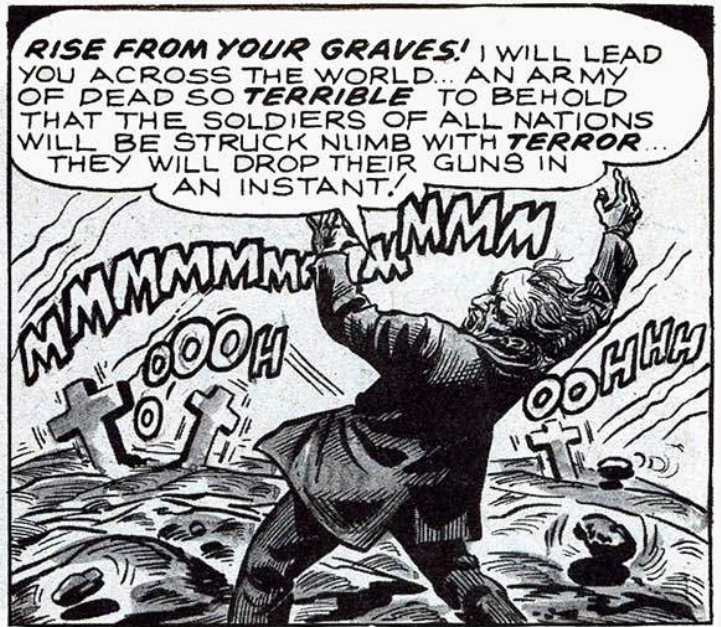
ONE NIGHT IT CAME TO HIM...







**LISTEN TO ME, YOU LONG-BURIED DEAD!**  
RISE UP TO **TEACH MANKIND A LESSON!**  
YOU WHO KNOW THE COSTS OF WAR, RISE  
**UP TO PREVENT FUTURE WARS THAT**  
**DESTROY MEN IN THE FLOWER OF**  
**THEIR YOUTH!**



**RISE FROM YOUR GRAVES!** I WILL LEAD  
YOU ACROSS THE WORLD... AN ARMY  
OF DEAD SO **TERRIBLE** TO BEHOLD  
THAT THE SOLDIERS OF ALL NATIONS  
WILL BE STRUCK NUMB WITH **TERROR**...  
THEY WILL DROP THEIR GUNS IN  
AN INSTANT!



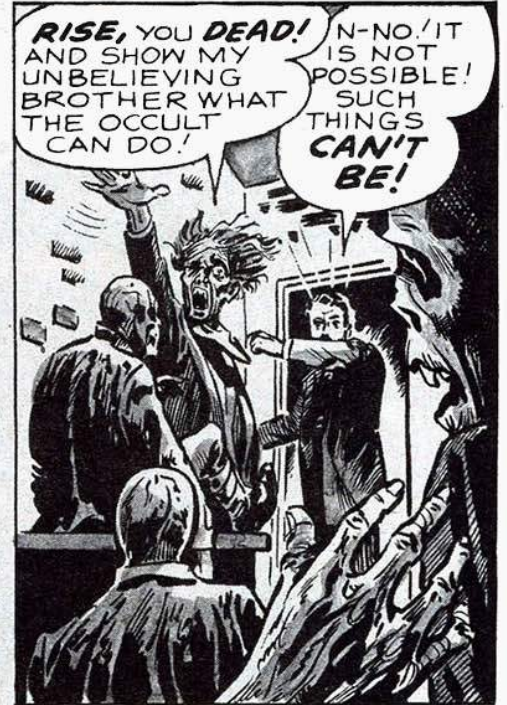
THEY ANSWER! THE  
**DEAD ANSWER!** THEY  
HEARD MY PLEAS!  
NOW I CAN GO AHEAD!  
I CAN **RAISE THE**  
**DEAD**... AND THE  
DEAD WILL  
**FOLLOW**  
**ME!**

AND SO, PIERRE JARNAC RETURN-  
ED TO HIS HIDEOUS LABORS WITH  
NEW REDOUBLED VIGOR. BUT ONE  
NIGHT HE HAD A VISITOR... AN  
UNWELCOME FIGURE WHO  
STOOD TRANSFIXED IN THE  
DOORWAY...



THEY TOLD ME  
YOU WERE CARE-  
TAKER HERE! A  
WHOLE YEAR I  
SEARCHED FOR  
YOU! NOW I SEE  
YOU'RE UP TO  
YOUR OLD  
**MADNESS!**

NO, ANDRE!  
MY **NEW**  
MADNESS!  
MY **SUCCESS-  
FUL** MAD-  
NESS!



**RISE, YOU DEAD!**  
AND SHOW MY  
UNBELIEVING  
BROTHER WHAT  
THE OCCULT  
CAN DO!

N-NO! IT  
IS NOT  
POSSIBLE!  
SUCH  
THINGS  
**CAN'T**  
**BE!**



BUT IF THEY  
ARE, THEY MUST  
**STOP!** THERE IS  
**EVIL** IN WHAT  
YOU DO! I MUST  
**WARN THE**  
**WORLD!**

YOU **FOOL!**  
YOU  
CAN'T  
ESCAPE!  
THE **DEAD**  
PURSUE  
YOU BY  
MY WILL!



...W-WHAT  
IS IT?  
WHAT'S  
HAPPEN-  
ING?

I-I DON'T  
KNOW!  
THEY'RE  
**ATTACKING**  
**A MAN!**

W-WITNESS-  
ES! I **CAN'T**  
LET THEM  
ESCAPE!



AT A WORD FROM PIERRE JARNAC, THE DEAD AROSE AND SEIZED THE INTRUDERS!



THE DEAD OBEY MY EVERY ORDER... EVEN THE ORDER TO KILL! BUT I WILL TEST THEM EVEN FURTHER! THERE IS A REGIMENT NEARBY! I WILL LEAD TENS OF THOUSANDS OF FORGOTTEN DEAD DOWN THE ROAD!



THE PEASANTS WILL SEE THE DEAD MARCHING BY AND FLEE IN TERROR! THE SOLDIERS WILL FIRE MADLY AT THE DEAD WITH NO RESULT... HA HA HA!



I WILL LEAD AN ARMY OF GHOSTS ACROSS THE WORLD! A NEW AND BETTER NAPOLEON... OF UNEARTHLY POWER! NOTHING CAN STOP ME! NOTHING! BUT WHY DO YOU HESITATE? WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW?

BECAUSE YOU LIED TO US, PIERRE JARNAC!



THOSE PEOPLE WE KILLED MEANT US NO HARM! YOU DO! WE HAVE BECOME AN ARMY OF TERROR, NOT PEACE! YOU HAVE LIED TO US AND TRICKED US!



YOU DON'T WANT TO END WARS! YOU WANT TO CREATE MORE SUFFERING! YOU WANT BOUNDLESS PERSONAL POWER! WE WILL MARCH, PIERRE JARNAC... AGAINST YOU!

N-NO! PLEASE... STAY AWAY!... (>GASP<)



PIERRE JARNAC TRIED TO ESCAPE BUT HE STUMBLERD. HE SCREAMED... HE PLEADED BUT THE DEAD MARCHED ON... TENS OF THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THEIR BITTER DISILLUSIONED MARCH BACK TO THEIR ACRES OF CROSSES... THE MASTER OF THE DEAD HAD FINALLY MET HIS OWN MASTER

DEATH!



THE END!



JACK AND DAISY BLAKE WERE A DANCE TEAM! THEIR ACT WAS A FLOP--UNTIL JACK READ ABOUT THE VOODOO DANCES OF THE SECT OF THE DEAD! THE VOODOO DANCE MADE A GOOD STAGE ACT, AND JACK AND DAISY WERE A HIT! BUT YOU CANNOT MAKE A JOKE OF THE UNKNOWN! THE VENGEANCE OF THE **LIVING DEAD** CAN BE A TERRIBLE THING, AS JACK AND DAISY BLAKE WERE SOON TO DISCOVER!

...SOON SHALL THIS BE YOUR...

# DANCE MACABRE

YOU DARE TO  
TAMPER WITH  
THE RESTLESS  
DEAD... THEN SOON  
SHALL YOU WHIRL...



A CHEAP CAFE, IN A SEAPORT OF THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND OF MORANDO...

JUST A COUPLE  
OF HAMS! YAH!

BRING ON A  
GOOD ACT!



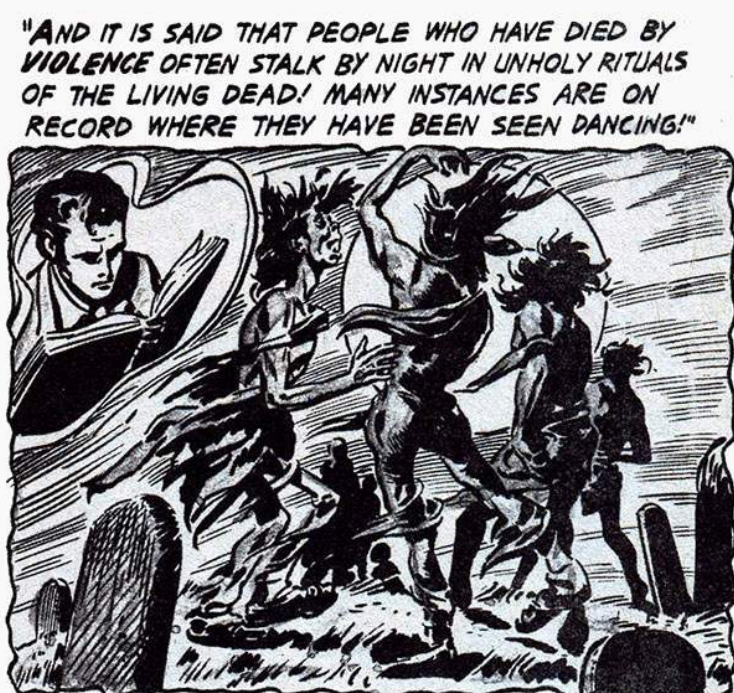
AND, LATER THAT EVENING...

YOUR ACT'S NO  
GOOD, BLAKE! YOU'RE  
THROUGH!

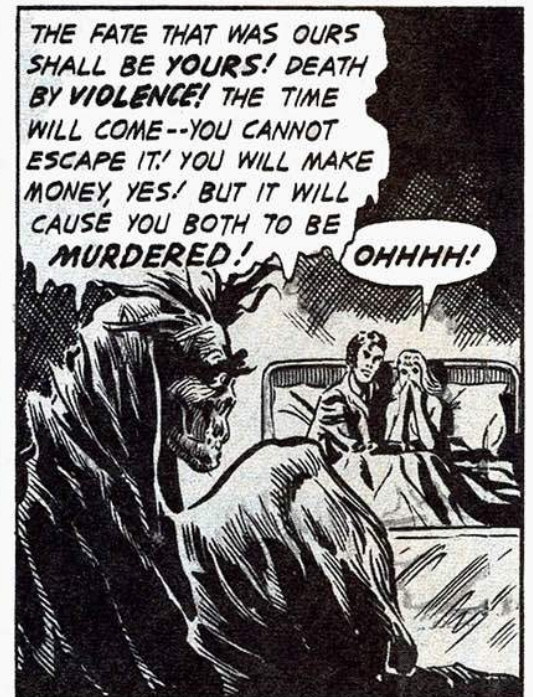
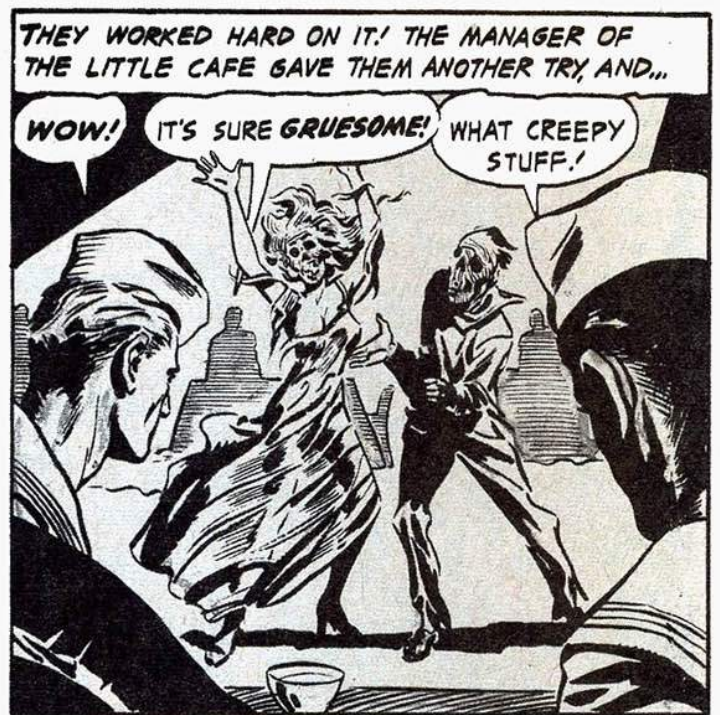
WELL! OF  
ALL THE  
NERVE!







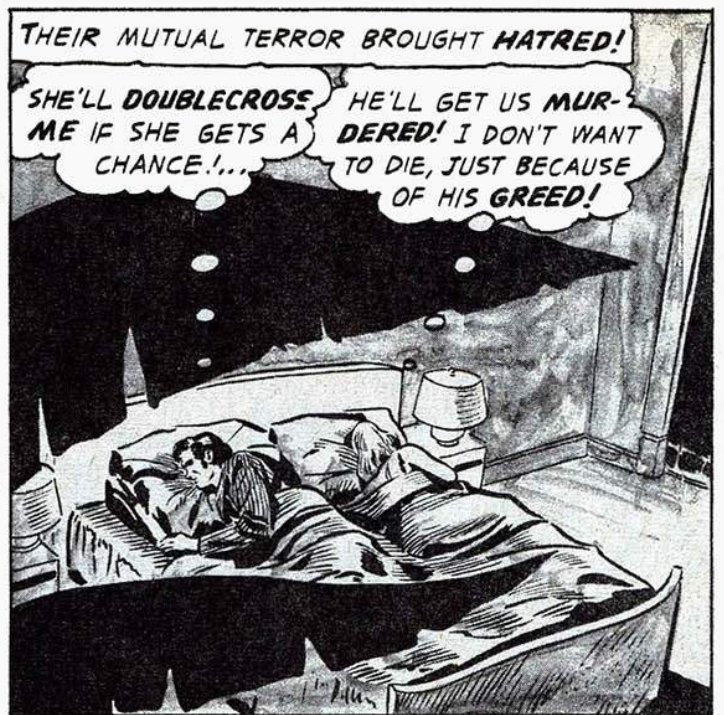




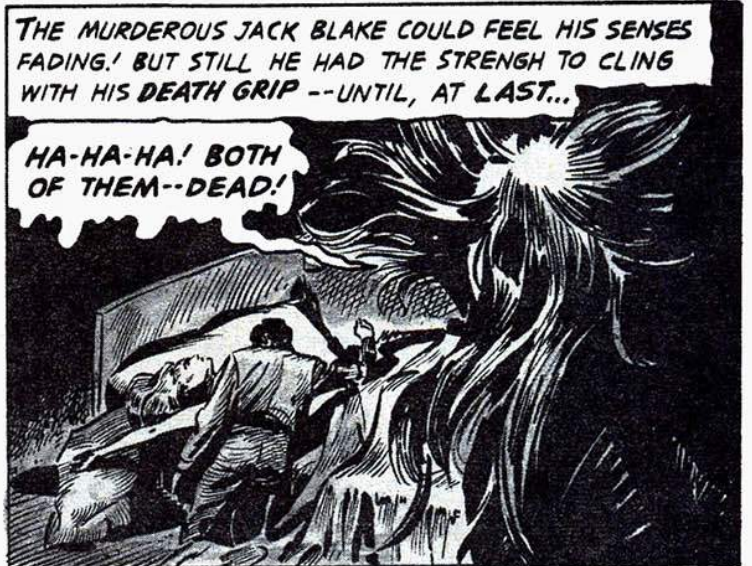














A CASUAL MEETING AT AN OFF-BEAT EAST SIDE BAR. YOU TAKE HER HOME. SHE INVITES YOU IN, OFFERS YOU A MARTINI. SURE, WHY NOT? IT LOOKS LIKE A PROMISING NIGHT AHEAD. YOU DRINK IT. WHAT IS THAT STRANGE EXPRESSION ON HER FACE? SHE'S SAYING SOMETHING, BUT THAT RUSHING SOUND IN YOUR HEAD IS DROWNING IT OUT... SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE...

...THE MARTINI GLASS SUDDENLY WEIGHS A TON...IT SLIPS FROM YOUR NUMBING FINGERS AND SHATTERS ON THE FLOOR. WHAT'S HAPPENING? YOU LOOK INCOMPREHENSIBLY AT HER LEERING FACE, AND IN THAT FLEETING MOMENT OF LUCIDITY YOU REALIZE THAT YOU HAVE BECOME AN UNWILLING PARTY TO AN...

# ORGY OF BLOOD



AHA...HE AWAKENS! I WAS BEGINNING TO LOSE PATIENCE...

AND I'M NOT ONE TO BE KEPT WAITING!

HUH? WHAT IS THIS...SOME KIND OF INSANE JOKE? WHERE THE DEVIL AM I? WHY AM I CHAINED?

RELAX, MR. PHILLIPS ...YOU'RE MUCH TOO TENSE!

I'M SURE A GROWN MAN LIKE YOU CAN TAKE A LITTLE PAIN!

YOU'LL BE AMAZED AT HOW WONDERFUL... HOW RESTED YOU'LL FEEL...

...AFTER IT'S OVER!















MOMMY--HURRY--  
MOMMY! **HURRY!** I  
WANT SOME! I WANT  
**SOME, TOO!**

MOMMY,  
I CAN'T  
WAIT ANY  
MORE!...

I WANT  
IT  
**NOW!**



I'M ♪GASP♪ SORRY, EUTHILDA...  
I GOT CARRIED AWAY...IT WAS  
SO GOOD...LET MOMMY  
HELP YOU...

OH, MY  
GOD...♪GROAN♪  
OH, GOD--



FIRST WE SHOULD  
CHECK HIS PULSE TO  
SEE THAT HE'S NOT  
TOO WEAK...

AH...GOOD! HE'S  
STILL STRONG!

GOD--WHEN  
WILL THIS  
NIGHTMARE  
END!



SEE THAT **THROBBING**  
**VEIN** ON HIS **NECK!** AIM  
FOR THAT--AND **BITE...**  
DON'T **CHEW!!** **BITE**  
UNTIL YOU CAN TASTE  
THE **WARM, FLOWING**  
**BLOOD!**

NO! GO  
AWAY!







OH, NO...  
**NO!!**



THEY'RE...  
**GONE!**

AM I  
**AWAKE**, OR  
IS THIS STILL  
PART OF THE  
**DREAM?**



**NO CHAINS...  
NO MARKS...I'M  
AWAKE!**

**SO COLD...SO  
WEAK AND  
TIRED! WHY  
AM I SO  
COLD?**



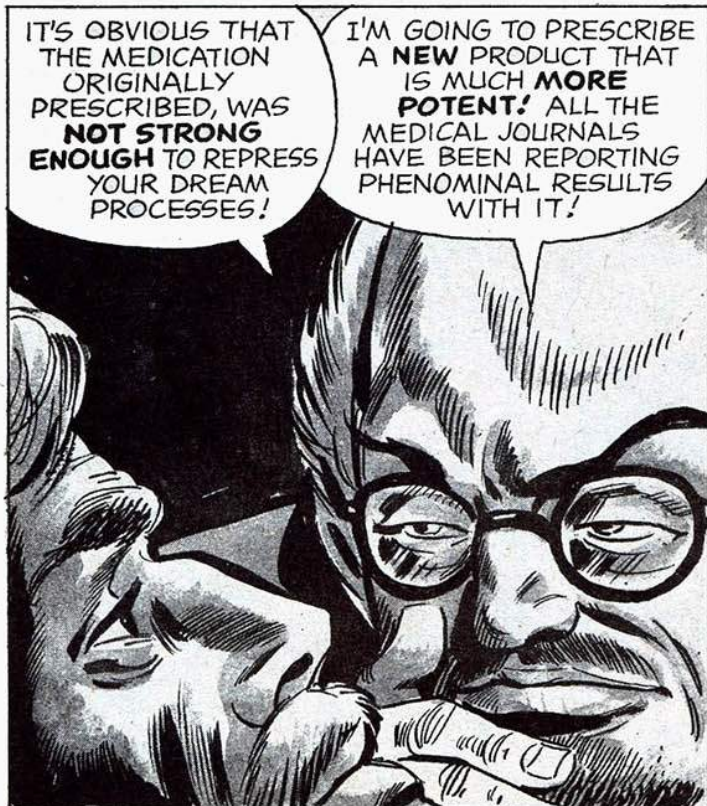
THOSE **PILLS** WERE NO DAMN  
GOOD, DOCTOR! IT WAS **WORSE**  
THAN BEFORE! IT'S GETTING  
HARDER TO TELL WHETHER I'M  
**DREAMING OR NOT!**

LAST NIGHT...THERE  
WERE TWO OF THEM...  
FEEDING OFF ME!  
DRAINING MY BLOOD...  
MY STRENGTH!

HELP ME,  
DOCTOR,  
**HELP ME!**

CALM DOWN, MISTER  
PHILLIPS, CALM DOWN!

HMMM...HIS  
CONDITION IS MORE  
**SERIOUS** THAN IT  
FIRST APPEARED  
TO BE!



IT'S OBVIOUS THAT  
THE MEDICATION  
ORIGINALLY  
PRESCRIBED, WAS  
**NOT STRONG  
ENOUGH** TO REPRESS  
YOUR DREAM  
PROCESSES!

I'M GOING TO PRESCRIBE  
A **NEW PRODUCT** THAT  
IS MUCH **MORE  
POTENT!** ALL THE  
MEDICAL JOURNALS  
HAVE BEEN REPORTING  
PHENOMINAL RESULTS  
WITH IT!



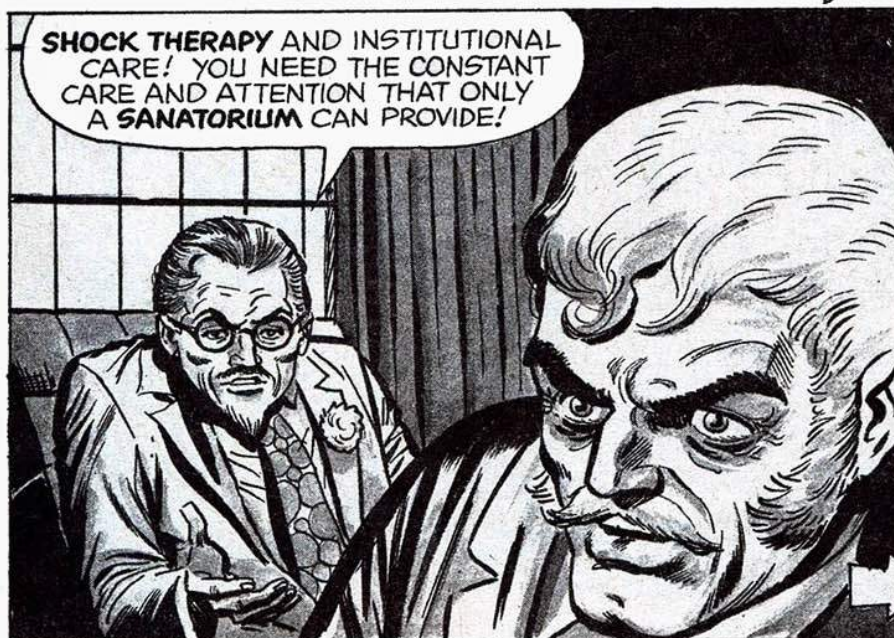
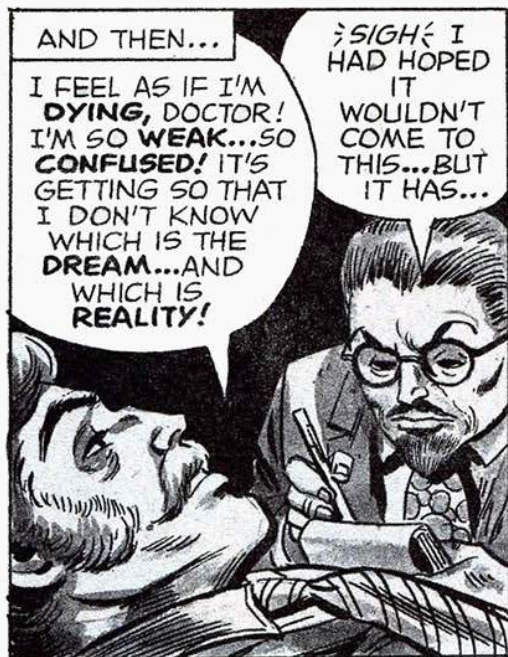
WE ALL HAVE DREAM  
AND REST CYCLES IN  
THE COURSE OF A  
NIGHT'S SLEEP! IN  
**YOUR** CASE THE  
DREAM CYCLES HAVE  
MONOPOLIZED YOUR  
SLEEP TIME--DE-  
PRIVING YOU OF  
NEEDED REST!

WITH THE AID OF THIS  
MEDICATION, YOUR  
SLEEP WILL BE  
COMPOSED OF TOTAL  
AND COMPLETE REST,  
WITHOUT THE  
ANNOYANCE OF  
**DISTURBING  
DREAMS!**













AND NOW, IT'S TIME TO SEEK ANOTHER VICTIM...ANOTHER HUMAN OASIS TO QUENCH THE THIRST OF THEIR STRANGE TREAT...**BLOOD!** ONLY THIS TIME BEWARE...THIS TIME IT COULD BE **YOURS!**



# A NIGHTMARE PIN-UP

WE ASKED WILD BILL EVERETT TO COME UP WITH #1 IN OUR SERIES OF NIGHTMARE PIN-UPS. SO...AFTER A FEW SLEEPLESS NIGHTS AND A WALK THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD, HE BROUGHT US HIS RENDERING OF GRAVEGHOUL!





A  
NIGHTMARE  
FICTION  
BONUS

# THE SKELETONS OF...

# DOOM!



By Art Stampler

I am an old woman now, but still the nightmares come. Still, on the horrible wings of evil dreams, I am transported far below the surface of the earth to a land where sightless, scuttling things dart blindly through the tunnels built by an army of dead men, who—but I am getting ahead of my story . . . . .

My name was Myra Cummings. I was one of the first women allowed by Gordon University to take a Doctor's degree in archeology. In order to collect enough data to write a suitable doctoral thesis I traveled to Africa, to do research among the fabulous old tombs of the ancient Pharaohs. It was while I puttered around in the

interior of a dusty mausoleum which held the remains of a ruler who had been dead three thousand years that it happened. I was trying to decipher the heroglyphics enscribed on some crumbling clay tablets. The light in the crypt was weak. My eye fell upon an old oil lamp; it was a primitive thing, but I saw to my amusement that there was fuel in it, evidently placed there by one of my native assistants. I struck a match and touched the flickering flame to the wick of the lamp. It lighted without trouble, but it smoked a lot, and I wasted a few minutes trimming the wick. Then I set it on a stone ledge and returned to my clay tablets.

**The first indication I had of anything wrong was the odor. The smell was sickeningly sweet. It crept over me and made my limbs feel heavy and**

**weak. It was like some evil incense. I tried to fight off the feeling of drowsy lethargy which was slipping over me. Dimly I realized that the sweet smell that arose from the burning liquid in the lamp was causing my sleepiness. Then, just before I slipped into the peaceful greyness of unconsciousness, I saw it happen. A section of the stone wall of the mausoleum swung away, disclosing a series of stone steps which seemed to drop down, to I knew not where. And from up those steps came clambering a ragged, emaciated, skull-faced mob of dead men!**

I had fainted as the skeleton-men had approached me, and when I awoke I found myself a prisoner in one of the caverns which made up the City of the Living Dead. I was in a huge chamber which was guarded by living skeletons of the same kind as those which had taken me prisoner on the earth's surface. But there were human



beings there, too, prisoners like me. I found that a young man nearby was gazing at me with pity. He introduced himself as Allen Cliff, an English big-game hunter who the skeleton men had seized in the eerie fastness of the African jungle. Allen was a great comfort to me in the trying days that followed. His steadiness and courage helped me to keep my sanity in the face of the horrors that were shown to us.

The skeleton men began by explaining that we were to be changed by a gradual process which would make us just like them in minds and bodies. They took us on an inspection tour of their city, and what we saw made our flesh crawl with disgust and our blood run icy cold in our veins. For they were running a factory of evil, and the product that they were manufacturing was living dead men! We saw the horrible process in all of its awful stages, and we were told the story of the dream of the Living Dead to overrun the surface of the earth and turn every human into an immortal monster.

"They're insane!" I whispered to Allen.

He nodded grimly. "Yes," he said. "Yes, they're insane. But they can carry out their plan, unless something happens to stop them before it's too late!"

I thought of a world controlled by the creatures who stood before me, and I shuddered. "What can we do to stop them, Allen?" I whispered.

He was strong and full of courage, but I felt him shudder, too. "I don't know," he said. "But you can pray!"

As if I hadn't been praying right along!

\* \* \* \*

The skeleton men were efficient. They used every hour; while we were waiting our turn to be transformed into Living Dead, we were all assigned tasks. Allen and I were taken to a cave where long rows of men and women had been strung from the ceiling by long ropes tied to their wrists. They were horrible to look at. Their hair had turned color; their fingernails had grown until their hands were claw-like; and their flesh had wasted away until they were almost like the skeleton men in appearance.

These were the "lucky" humans chosen by the Living Dead to be given the gift of immortal life! I felt faint. If this was what I'd look like when they finished with me, anything was better than allowing them to make a monster of me!

Allen and I were given whips and were instructed to beat the creatures if they started to scream. I looked at Allen in wonderment when I heard that. Later, when we were alone,

Allen told me what was probably the reason for our macabre jobs.

"Living underground as they do," he explained, "they're no doubt afraid that any loud noise will cause vibrations great enough to start cave-ins and landslides."

But I was too distraught to listen. "Allen, I must get out of here!" I ground out through clenched teeth. "Take me out of here!"

"Myra, listen closely," Allen said hurriedly. "Have you noticed that all of the tunnels seem to incline slightly? I think that each tunnel rises almost imperceptibly, and that by following the tunnels to their very end we can reach the surface of the earth!" And Allen outlined the plans for our escape. That night, when all was quiet in the great cave save for the whimpering of the poor unfortunates who were strung up by their wrists awaiting transformation into Living Dead beings, we lay down our whips and crept out into the tunnel.

None of our captors were in sight, luckily, and we sped up the dark stone corridors for our very lives. Overhead huge black bats brushed their great wings against the damp rock ceiling. Blind lizards scuttled across the stone floor with a dry, scraping sound. And behind us there

arose a great wail as the hanging victims of the Living Dead discovered that no one was there to whip them, and gave vent to their pain.

We raced through the narrow caverns, scrapping ourselves on the crystal rocks that protruded outwards from the muddy walls. I looked at my arm and saw blood beginning to form at the surface where I had gashed myself.

Allen put his arm around my shoulder to steady me as we came to a lava pit, a huge hole in the cavern that extended downwards into a dark oblivion. The hole was more than eight feet across, and there seemed no way to cross it.

"Do you think you can jump it?" Allen asked. I stared downwards into the hole trying to pierce the inky darkness. "No, I don't think so."

"There's got to be another way. Come on, we'll try a different tunnel."

But before we could move, the Skeleton Men were on us. We struggled, but the sickening creatures were too strong, and they quickly subdued us.

We were tied hand and foot and dragged back to their City of the Living Dead far beneath the surface of the Earth. We were dragged past the rows of people strung up to the





ceiling, and finally we were thrown before a giant ebony idol. It stood fifty feet high and was formed in the shape of a woman. From her head extended two horns not unlike those of a cow, and floating between them in what seemed to be a field of electricity, was a huge glowing orb. The orb seemed to pulsate, and the light that passed through it appeared as a rainbow bathing all those who stood before it in a cacophony of colors. **It was Isis, the Egyptian Goddess of the moon, but what it was doing here, miles beneath the surface of the Earth, I was soon to find out, much to my everlasting horror.**

The Skeleton Men tied us to the alter that stood before the great black idol, and it was then that I realized that the orb that floated so very high above us, was made of pure diamond; a three foot sphere of diamond. I could not conceive the incredible value that it must have possessed.

Once we were completely bound before Isis, the leader of the Skeleton Men, undoubtedly the high priest, approached us and said, "These humans have insulted Isis, our God, our Protector. They have blasphemed our God, and for that we sacrifice them unto you, Oh great Isis."

The High Priest placed his hands before him, palms upturned, and he gestured towards the alter. Staring directly at the glowing orb, he brought his hands upwards, and the alter

began to raise as well until it floated parallel to the diamond.

The orb seems to grow, and then suddenly, we found ourselves inside it, as if it had swallowed us up. But still we could hear the Priest's words drone on.

"Oh Sacred Isis, we who were once your children, and who now serve you through eternity, commend unto you these desecraters of your most holy of tombs.

"We who were once the mighty Pharaohs of Egypt commend unto you our lives for you to do with as you will, Oh Mighty Isis. We are one with you."

**The priest continued his prayers and slowly the story became clear. Incredible as it might sound, these skeleton creatures were indeed the ancient Pharaohs. For when they died, and were mummified, the Goddess of the Moon, Isis, placed them in a state of nether being in that they were not fully dead, nor were they fully alive.**

But over the centuries, Isis lost her powers as belief in her began to wain. It wasn't until our Astronauts brought back the rock samples from the moon, from her dominion, that power again coursed through her body. With this new power, she commanded the Pharaohs to break free of their protective mummy wrappings, and to join her beneath the Great Sphinx. Once there, they were ordered to capture humans and change them into skeleton creatures to aid Isis in her mad scheme of world domination.

The priest finished his prayers, and the diamond began to glow. The suns rays filtered through the crystalline sphere, burning us up. Allan tried to break his way out of the orb, but it was impossible.

"It's no use," he said. **"The only way to cut this is to use another diamond."**

I looked down at my finger and saw the ring was still there. I had wanted to return it to Charles after I broke our engagement, but for some reason, I kept it. Funny I should think of Charles at a moment like this. We were to be married this month, but then I learned he was a fraud, a phony who collected women like others collected stamps. I left him and wanted to go as far away as possible, which is why I chose Egypt to begin my studies. It was far from Charles, and far from the memories I wanted to forget.

I took the ring off my finger and handed it to Rich.

"Here, try this," I said, the heat starting to get to me.

Rich grabbed the ring and started to cut into the solar diamond we were trapped in. I felt faint, but I knew I

had to keep alert, for once out of here, Rich and I would have to run as quickly as possible to the escape tunnels.

Rich finally managed to cut an opening through one of the facets, and we climbed out onto the head of the giant Idol. We quickly made our way down the back of the figure, hidden from the view of the Skeleton Men, but near the bottom, I fell, and the High Priest heard me.

He was about to order his men to chase us, when the huge solar diamond began to fall from its perch high above the idol. Evidently, when Rich cut the hole in it, the diamond was thrown off balance. It fell to the ground and shattered in a thousand pieces. Rich picked as many of the pieces as he could, and then ordered me to run as quickly as possible to the tunnels. **The skeleton men were shouting, less at our escape than at their fallen idol. For when the diamond orb shattered, Isis' power over them faded, and they were slowly being turned to dust, for her powers were no longer keeping them alive.**

When Allen heard the screams behind us he grasped my arm and urged me to hurry. And I soon understood why, for behind us there began to sound an ominous series of groaning rumblings, as tons of earth shifted and moved above the networks of underground tunnels. The noise of the screaming was causing small cave-ins; we had to get out of the tunnels before the ceiling fell in on top of us!

Suddenly we saw a pinpoint of white light in the blackness before us. It was the light of a star, seen through an opening to the surface! I have looked at the stars many, many times in the course of my long life, but no star has ever looked as beautiful to me as that silver pinpoint of light. And just as we saw it—the **major cave-ins began!** I heard unholy shrieks and groans as the Living Dead met their final doom, and then a falling rock struck me on the temple and I knew no more.

\* \* \* \*

I married Allen Cliff exactly three months after he carried me from the collapsing horror which had been the 'City of the Living Dead. Allen and a party of his friends patrolled the region above the unholy city for a long time after the cave-ins, but no trace of the Living Dead has ever been found. And it is better so.

**But sometimes, although I am an old woman, I have nightmares. And then the Living Dead live once more, and I see the folds of flesh hang from their faces, and I have to reach out and touch Allen to keep from screaming out loud . . .**





# HELP US TO DIE!



JIM TORRENCE HAD ALWAYS BEEN INTERESTED IN EGYPTOLOGY! IT WAS HIS HOBBY. ONE DAY, WHEN HE AND HIS WIFE, MARY WERE IN A MUSEUM...



LOOK, A MUMMY FROM THE 19TH DYNASTY! THAT'S WHEN AMENHOTEP BUILT THE GREAT AVENUES AT KARNAK AND THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR!

SO WHAT? WE'VE SEEN PLENTY OF MUMMIES!







THEN, SUDDENLY...

AM I **CRAZY?**  
JIM--**LOOK!**

WHA--? IT'S TRYING TO  
MOAN! HEAR JT? AN' IT'S  
EYES ARE OPENING!

OHhhh!

HAD THEY IMAGINED IT? IN ANOTHER  
INSTANT...

IT'S  
ALIVE! ALIVE!  
WHY- WHY--

NO! LOOK, IT'S  
EYES ARE  
CLOSED!



THERE WAS NO FURTHER SIGN, AND...

JUST  
IMAGINE!

COME  
ON, LET'S  
GO!

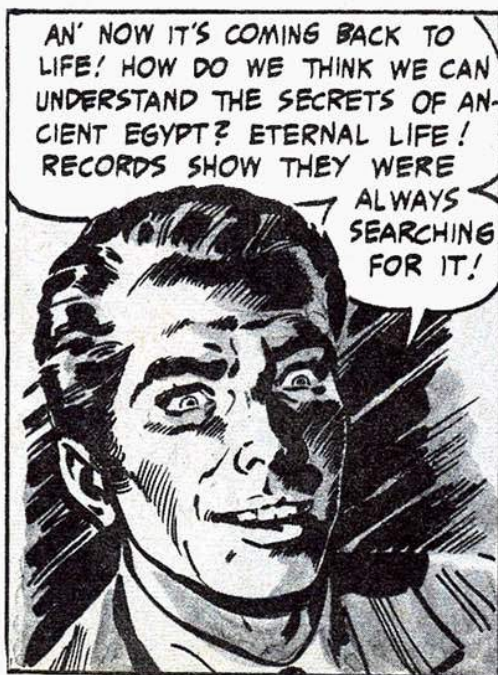
UGH! **GIVES YOU**  
THE CREEPS,  
DOESN'T IT?

MORE THAN  
3,000 YEARS  
AGO- THAT MAN  
WAS ALIVE!

AN IDEA SPANG INTO JIM TORRENCE'S SCHEMING  
MIND! AND WHEN THEY GOT HOME...

MARY, IF WE SAW WHAT WE  
THOUGHT WE DID WE COULD  
MAKE BIG MONEY! THAT  
MUMMY WOULD BE **WORLD**  
**FAMOUS** WE'D EXHIBIT--

YOU'RE **CRAZY!**  
THAT THING'S  
BEEN **DEAD** FOR  
3,000 YEARS!



AN' NOW IT'S COMING BACK TO  
LIFE! HOW DO WE THINK WE CAN  
UNDERSTAND THE SECRETS OF AN-  
CIENT EGYPT? ETERNAL LIFE!  
RECORDS SHOW THEY WERE  
ALWAYS  
SEARCHING  
FOR IT!



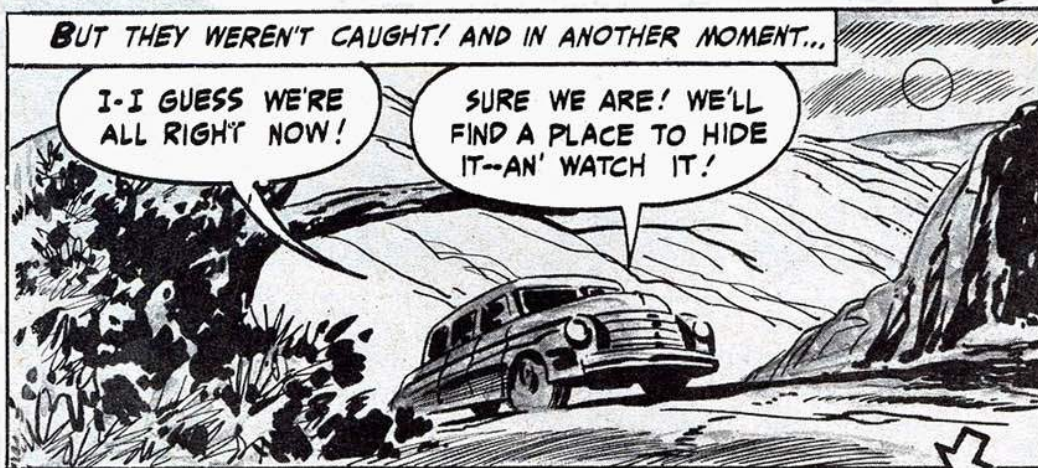
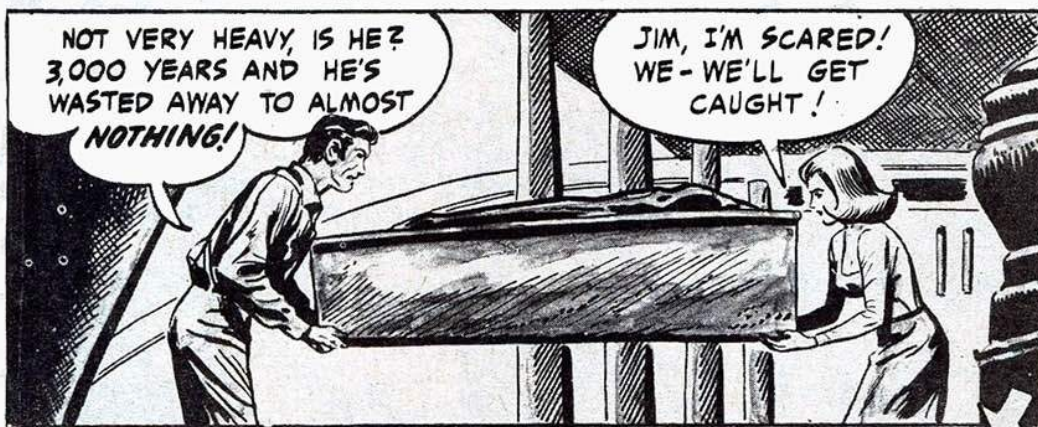
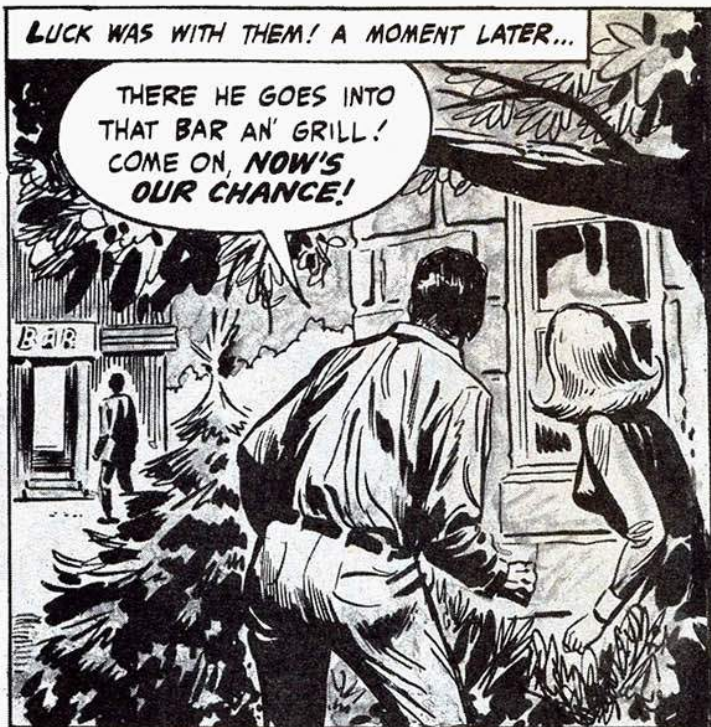
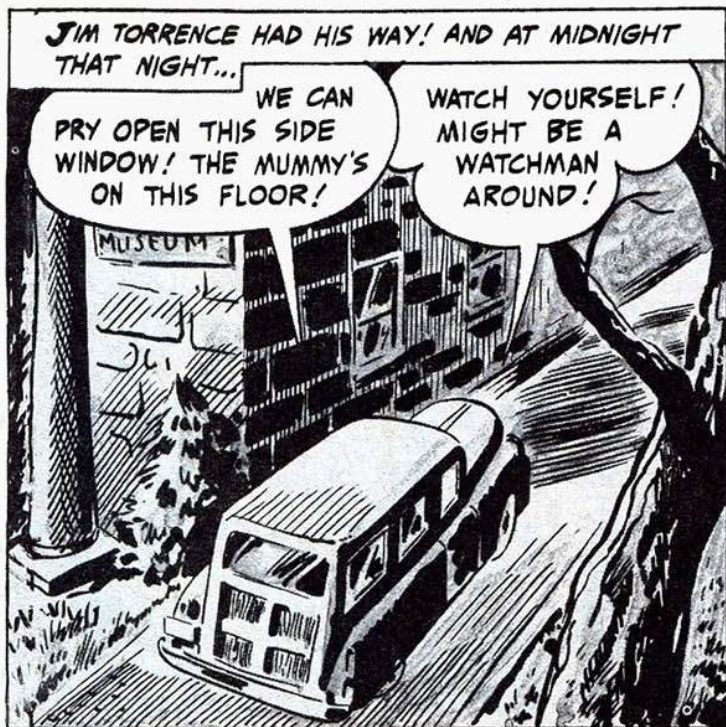
I'LL GET IT OUT  
OF THE MUSEUM!  
WE'LL TAKE IT  
SOMEWHERE! HIDE  
IT AN' WATCH! SEE  
WHAT HAPPENS!

**STEAL A**  
**MUMMY?** DON'T  
BE A SAP!  
WE'D HAVE  
THE POLICE  
AFTER US!



THERE ARE PLENTY OF MUM-  
MIES! I'D DISGUISE IT--  
CHANGE THE INSCRIPTIONS!  
WHY--WE COULD SMUGGLE IT  
TO EGYPT AN' PRETEND WE  
JUST FOUND  
IT THERE!









SEE, HE IS  
ALIVE! I TOLD  
YOU!

OH!!

STRANGE, GRUESOME MYSTERY FROM ACROSS THE ABYSS OF  
THREE THOUSAND YEARS! NOW MARY WAS EXCITED, TOO!  
A STRANGE PAIR, THESE TORRENCES!

HE'S PLEASED! HE WANTS US TO  
UNWRAP HIM! WAIT'LL WE EXHIBIT  
**THIS** TO THE PUBLIC! A MAN  
**3,000 YEARS OLD!** ADMISSION  
FIVE BUCKS!

HE--HE'S  
ALIVE!



ALIVE! CONSCIOUS! TRYING TO  
COMMUNICATE WITH THEM!

LOOK! HE'S  
FUMBLING FOR  
SOMETHING IN  
HIS CLOTHES!

TRYING TO  
GET SOME-  
THING  
OUT!

HE'S TRYING  
TO DRINK  
SOMETHING!

HEY,  
GIMME  
THAT!



IT HAS EGYPTIAN  
WRITING ON IT!

YOU CAN TRANS-  
LATE IT! YOU'VE  
STUDIED THAT  
STUFF!



WHAT'S  
IT SAY?

IT SAYS, DRINK  
**THIS FOR  
ETERNAL LIFE!**



ELIXIR OF IMMORTALITY! FOUNTAIN  
OF YOUTH! DOWN THROUGH THE  
AGES IN EVERY LAND, ALCHEMISTS  
HAVE SOUGHT IT!

NEVER DIE!  
OH, JIM! IF-IF  
WE DRANK  
SOME--?

WE'D NEVER  
DIE! NEVER GET  
SICK! BUT LOOK,  
HERE'S A WARN-  
ING OR SOME-  
THING! WAIT'LL  
I DOPE IT  
OUT!







ONLY THOSE OF ROYAL LINEAGE  
MAY PARTAKE OF THE SACRED  
POTION! OTHERS, BEWARE!  
THE CURSE OF ISIS WILL BE  
UPON YOU!



**GREEDY HUMANS! HISTORY TELLS  
OF SO MANY WHO SOLD THEM-  
SELVES TO DAMNATION FOR THE  
PROMISE OF ETERNAL LIFE!**

WHO'S AFRAID  
OF TALK LIKE  
THAT? NOT US,  
MARY!

LOOK! THE  
MUMMY! HE'S  
ANGRY!



GET AWAY FROM  
ME! OKAY, I'LL HAVE  
TO FIGHT A MAN  
3,000 YEARS OLD!  
YOU'RE ASKIN'  
FOR IT!

OH,  
JIM!  
JIM!



NEVER KNOCKED  
A GUY OUT  
EASIER!



HE'S DEAD!  
WON'T BOTHER  
US ANY MORE!



DEAD? HOW CAN YOU KILL A  
THING ENDOWED WITH ETERN-  
AL LIFE?

HE-HE'S STILL  
ALIVE! YOU  
CAN'T KILL  
HIM!

OKAY, SO  
WHAT? HE  
CAN'T BOTHER  
US ANY!



GIVE ME  
MY SHARE!

OKAY!  
OKAY!



THE AROMATIC LIQUID WAS LIKE A FIRE IN THEIR VEINS! FOR A MOMENT THEIR SENSES SWOOPED--THEN...

OHH--THAT WAS SO WEIRD!

YES, BUT WE'RE OKAY NOW! IMAGINE--WE CAN'T GET SICK! WE CAN'T DIE!... NOTHING CAN KILL US!

ETERNAL LIFE! THE DREAM OF ALL MANKIND! JIM AND MARY TORRENCE KNEW THEN THAT THEY HAD THIS WONDERFUL THING! BUT AS THEY SAT THERE, GLOATING...

JIM! W-WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? I--I FEEL S-SO STRANGE!

WHA-?!

AND IN A MOMENT MORE...

JIM! JIM--WE'RE OLD! OLD! WE'RE GOING TO DIE!

WE'RE GOING TO DIE! THAT CURSED THING LIED TO US!

TO DIE! OH NO! THEY WERE GOING TO LIVE FOREVER--THEY HAD ETERNAL LIFE--WHAT THEY THOUGHT THEY WANTED...

JIM! WE-WE'RE LIKE THAT MUMMY! AND WE CAN'T DIE!

LIKE THIS--FOREVER!

WAS IT A DAY A WEEK, A YEAR WHICH PASSED? GHASTLY CREATURES DIM OF SIGHT AND HEARING, FEEBLE, WITH ALL LIFE'S FORCES DRAINED AWAY...

ARE YOU STILL HERE, JIM? OH! I CAN'T STAND IT!

TRAPPED! LIKE THIS--FOREVER!

IMPRISONED, NOT IN DEATH--BUT IN LIFE!

OHHH!-- I CAN'T STAND IT!

HELP! OH--HELP US TO DIE!

THE  
LIVING  
END



# THE **THING** FROM THE SEA!



ON BOARD THE FREIGHT STEAMER *SAVANA*, UNDER THE SHADOW OF A LIFEBOAT, THREE SAILORS TOSS DICE...



MISSED AGAIN!

HAW! HAW! THAT'S THE FIFTH STRAIGHT PASS I'VE WON! GIMME THEM DICE. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE 'EM HOLLER UNCLE!



BOY, AM I GOING TO HAVE A TIME FOR MYSELF WHEN THIS BOAT DOCKS IN LI'L OLE NEW YORK!

SMITHERS, YOU'LL GET NONE OF MY MONEY! YOU CHEATED!

IT CAME UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE *OCEAN*, A ROTTING **SOMETHING** FROM WHICH THE FLESH SLOUGHED OFF AS IT WALKED. THE HOLLOW, WHERE ITS EYES HAD GLARED OUT AT THE WORLD... AS IF ETERNALLY SEEKING SOMEONE. AS IT WALKED, PAST THE ANCIENT WRECKS, AND THE FISH THAT PLAYED IN THEM, ITS HANDS REACHED OUT, **CLAWING**, AS THOUGH TO REACH THE MAN IT WANTED. AND IN THE REALM OF THE LIVING, ABLE SEAMAN JOHNNY SMITHERS LAUGHED AND LOVED, **NEVER** DREAMING THAT DESTINY WAS COMING HIS WAY ON **DEAD FEET**. NO NEED FOR HIM TO WORRY... OR **WAS THERE?**



**CHEATED?**  
I GOT A GOOD  
MIND TO--

YOU **DID** CHEAT! YOU  
**PALMED** THOSE DICE!  
HELD 'EM SO THEY  
WOULDN'T BOUNCE  
BUT WOULD **SLIDE**  
ACROSS THE DECK!  
I WON'T PAY--

WONT, HEY? WE'LL SEE ABOUT  
THAT! YOU GO BELOW DECK WITH  
ME TO THE SKIPPER'S OFFICE.  
WE GOT A REAL SKIPPER ON  
THIS FREIGHTER. HE **MAKES**  
YOU WELCHERS PAY YOUR DEBTS!

**COME ON!**

**THAT NIGHT AS THE MOON  
BATHED THE DECK IN  
BRILLIANCE...**

NOW THAT A CUT OF YOUR  
PAY IS SAFE IN MY NAME,  
I WON'T NEED YOU ANY-  
MORE, MURRAY! I HEARD  
YOU TELLIN' NED YOU WAS  
FIXIN' TO SHOW ME UP AS  
A CROOKED PLAYER AT  
UNION HEADQUARTERS!

**A BLUNT THUD IN THE NIGHT!** A HEAVE OF  
POWERFUL SHOULDERS AND SEAMAN EDDIE  
MURRAY GOES HURLING OVER THE SHIP'S  
SIDE-- HIS GRAVE... THE BROAD ATLANTIC...

**DOWN THROUGH THE COLD DEPTHS OF THE GREEN-GREY  
WATER SLIDES THE LIMP BODY OF SEAMAN MURRAY...**

**SO LONG  
SUCKER!**



**FOR A LITTLE WHILE A STREAM OF BUBBLES RISES  
FROM HIS MOUTH. AND AFTER A TIME, THEY STOP...**



**SLOWLY, THE DEAD MAN SETTLES INTO THE OOZE  
AND MUD OF THE OCEAN'S FLOOR. HIS EYES OPEN  
TO STARE SLIGHTLESSLY. HE STIRS-- AND LIFTS AN ARM...**





EDDIE MURRAY! YOU ARE **DEAD**. YOU WERE KILLED BY JOHNNY SMITHERS! REMEMBER? NO...YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER...YOU DIDN'T SEE IT HAPPEN...

WHERE AM I? IS THIS **WATER** ALL AROUND ME? I'M NOT BREATHING... BUT I FEEL STRONG. AND THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO DO!



FISH NIBBLING AT MY FLESH... BUT I DON'T **FEEL** ANYTHING. JUST WANT TO WALK... UNTIL I FIND... WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR...



WHILE THE WALKING HORROR STALKS THE OCEAN BOTTOM, THE **SAVANA** DOCKS IN NEW YORK...

HE'S ON BOARD. I GOT HIS TELEGRAM WHEN THEY LEFT RIO. OH, EDDIE, IT'S BEEN SO LONG!



DO YOU KNOW A SEAMAN MURRY? I'M HIS GIRL FRIEND. WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED...

SURE, I KNOW HIM. HE GOT DRUNK ONE NIGHT AND FELL OVERBOARD! HMMM... DIDN'T **KNOW** HE HAD SUCH GOOD TASTE!



O-OVERBOARD...? **POOR EDDIE...** OH, MY **POOR DARLING!**

NO SENSE CRYIN' OVER WHAT'S HAPPENED! COME ALONG WITH **ME** AND I'LL -- TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!



EDDIE WAS A SWELL GUY. ONLY ONE TROUBLE-- HE COULDN'T SHOOT DICE. MATTER OF FACT, IT WAS BECAUSE HE LOST SO MUCH MONEY THAT HE... **FELL OVERBOARD!**

HE WAS TRYING TO WIN MONEY SO WE COULD GET **MARRIED!**



MOVING SLOWLY PAST THE WRECK OF A LONG SUNKEN SHIP, FEET SLOGGING IN THE MUD, A THING THAT ONCE WAS HUMAN STALKS FOWARD...

HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE... THE MAN WHO SENT ME DOWN HERE! I WONDER HOW HE'D LIKE TO WALK FOREVER ALONG THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN... WITH **ME?**





JOHNNY SMITHERS AND HELEN JONES  
SOON FORGET EDDIE MURRAY. IT IS  
TOO MUCH FUN BEING ALIVE...



I-I'D KIND OF FORGOTTEN  
THERE WERE SUCH THINGS  
AS LAUGHTER... POOR EDDIE!  
I WONDER WHERE HE IS  
TONIGHT?

FORGET HIM, WILL YA! YOU  
GIVE ME **THE CREEPS**...



I'LL **MAKE** YOU  
FORGET HIM...

OH... OH...

SOME HOURS LATER, AS JOHNNY  
TOSSES IN BED, HE HEARS A  
VOICE CALLING...



**JOOOHNNY..**  
**JOHNNY SMITHERS**  
CAN YOU HEAR **MEEE?** I  
AM CALLING TO YOU...



HELLOOOO, JOHNNY! REMEMBER  
MEEEE? EDDIE MURRAY! THE  
MAN YOU KILLED AND THREW  
OVERBOARD!



I'M COMING FOR YOU,  
**JOOOHNNY!** I'M  
**LONELY** DOWN ON  
THE BOTTOM OF THE  
OCEAN!

NO! GO  
AWAY...  
YOU'RE  
**DEAD!**  
YOU'RE  
ROTTING AWAY!  
YOU AREN'T  
ALIVE...

**AAAAAGHHH!**  
GET AWAY... **AGHHH!**  
NO... NO! I DON'T  
WANT TO GO DOWN  
THERE... NOT WITH  
YOU... **AAAGGHH!**







A NIGHTMARE!  
SURE, THAT'S  
WHAT IT WAS! I'VE  
HAD 'EM BEFORE...  
BUT NEVER SO  
**REAL** AS THIS!



WHAT A **SAP** I AM  
TO GET DRESSED AND  
COME WAY DOWN HERE  
TO THE DOCKS TO  
SEE IF... IF MY DREAM  
WOULD COME TRUE!



GUESS I'M JUST PLAIN  
STUPID! BUT THAT DREAM  
WAS SO **REAL**! I COULD  
**FEEL HIS ROTTING HANDS!**  
AND THOSE AWFUL  
**STARING EYES...**



THE WATER IS ALL GONE  
I'M STANDING HERE IN THE  
AIR. I'M ON A DOCK.  
SOMEWHERE OUT THERE  
I'LL FIND HIM...



JOHNNY... I'M COMING! WAIT  
FOR ME-E-E-E... I CAN'T  
WALK VERY FAST, JOHNNY,  
BECAUSE IF I GO FAST, A  
LOT OF ME WILL **BREAK**  
**OFF AND FALL...**

AHEAD OF THE ROTTING, BLOATED  
HORROR...

JOHNNY! OHH,  
YOU **SCARED**  
ME. WHY, IT'S  
ALMOST  
MORNING.  
HAVEN'T YOU  
BEEN TO  
BED?

I COULDN'T  
SLEEP!  
HELEN--  
MARRY ME!  
COME AWAY  
WITH ME, TO  
THE COUNTRY...  
OR SOMEWHERE!  
I--I DON'T WANT  
TO BE ANYWHERE  
**NEAR THE SEA!**



OF COURSE I WILL, DEAR.  
WHY, YOU'RE **SHAKING**.  
THERE, NOW, GIVE ME A  
FEW DAYS TO BUY SOME  
CLOTHES, AND WE'LL GO  
ON OUR HONEYMOON!

A FEW DAYS...?  
NO! NO, IT'S GOT  
TO BE **NOW!**









HELEN! **WAKE UP!** CALL THE POLICE! **HELP!** PULL ME LOOSE FROM THIS HORROR! HIS FLESH IS ROTTEN! **HELP!**



IN THE EARLY DAWN OF A NEW YORK MORNING... WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS...

NO USE TO STRUGGLE ANYMORE, JOHNNY. YOU'LL **LIKE** IT DOWN ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. WE'LL WALK ALONG IT LIKE THIS FOR A LONG TIME, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET USED TO IT...



JUST **THINK**, JOHNNY! YOU'RE GOING TO WALK THE OCEAN FLOOR WITH THE **MAN YOU MURDERED!**

**NO!  
NO!**



AND THEN THERE IS JUST EMPTY WATER, ROLLING ENDLESSLY OVER THE OCEAN FLOOR WHERE TWO MEN WALK, FOREVER...

JOHNNY SMITHERS GOES MAD! THE FEEL OF THAT COLD AND SLIMY HAND, SENDS COLD SHUDDERS DOWN HIS SPINE...

HELEN! IF YOU'LL ONLY GRAB MY HAND... I CAN BREAK FREE OF HIM. HELEN! WAKE UP -- **HELEN!!**



**NO... NO... NO!** I'LL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR MONEY... I WON'T SEE HELEN EVER AGAIN... JUST LET ME GO... **LET ME GO**

I DON'T CARE ABOUT MONEY ANYMORE! I'VE FORGOTTEN HELEN, TOO! ALL I WANT IS **YOU**, JOHNNY... ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!



JOHNNY'S SCREAM GURGLES IN HIS THROAT. HE CLUTCHES EMPTY AIR...





The

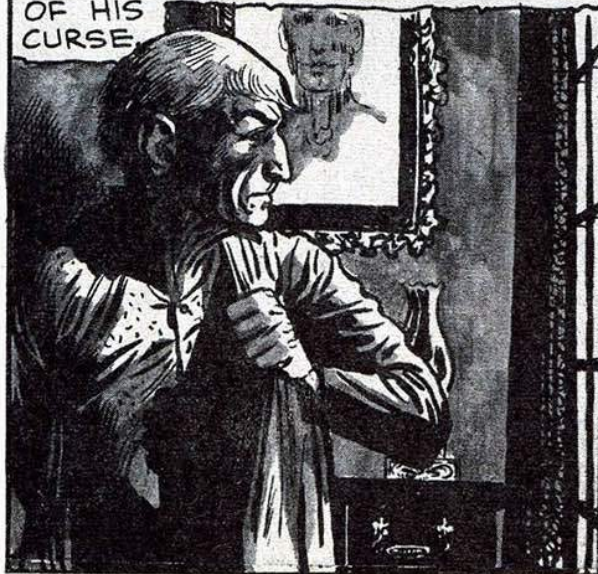
# CREATURE WITHIN!

AWAKE,  
NATHAN  
FOX...YOU  
CANNOT  
ESCAPE  
YOUR  
DESTINY!



NATHAN FOXX, FAMED RETIRED PLAYWRIGHT IS AWAKENED ONCE MORE BY THAT EVER-RECURRING DREAM...THAT HORRIFYING NIGHTMARE THAT PRODUCED A MONSTER WHO PROMISED TO CROSS THAT FORBIDDEN BORDER BETWEEN FANTASY AND REALITY...AND ESCAPE FROM BEING THE **CREATURE WITHIN**.

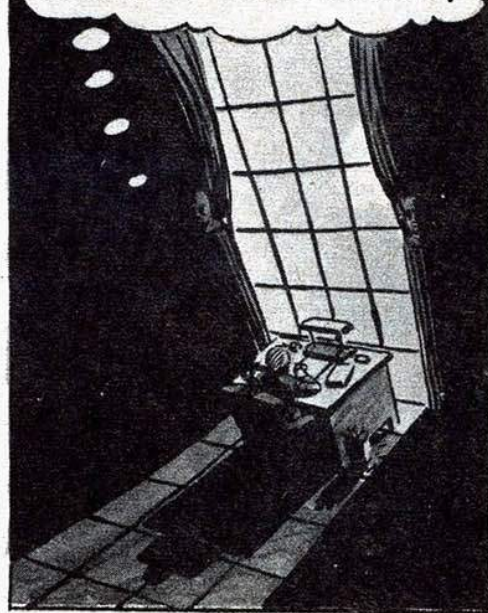
SHUDDERING, NATHAN ROSE TO SPEND ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT BROODING OVER A WAY TO BE RID OF HIS CURSE.



NATHAN FOXX FELT THAT PERHAPS BY WRITING A PLAY ABOUT THE FIEND-- HE COULD GIVE ITS HAUNTING MEMORY TO THE AUDIENCE AND NEVER SEE IT AGAIN! SO HE SET TO WORK FEVERISHLY ---NIGHT AND DAY--



I'D GIVE MY VERY SOUL FOR THIS TO SUCCEED!







SOON, THE PLAY WAS READY FOR THE PUBLIC! - PERHAPS IT WAS THE AURA OF MYSTERY IN THE SECRET REHEARSALS - WHETHER IT WAS THAT, OR NATHAN FOXX'S REPUTATION - THE HOUSE WAS SOLD OUT WEEKS IN ADVANCE. BUT -- AMONG THE FIRST-NIGHTERS WAS -



THE LIGHTS DIMMED... SLOWLY, THE CURTAIN ROSE, AND THE PLAY BEGAN! A HUSH COVERED THE AUDIENCE, AS NATHAN FOXX'S NIGHT-MARE CAME TO LIFE!...



-AND DEATH CAVORTED ON A STAGE...





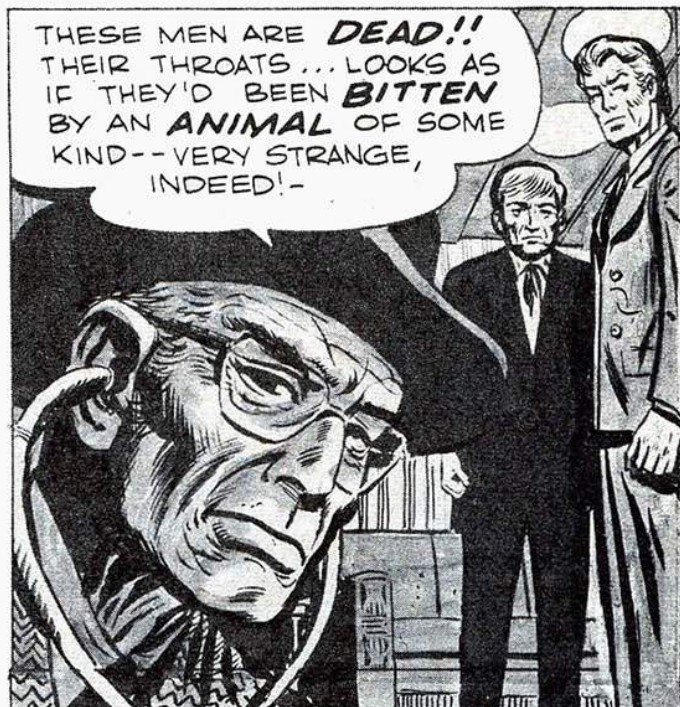
CHANNEY WAS **MAGNIFICENT!** HE GAVE A GREAT PERFORMANCE!... I **MUST** CONGRATULATE HIM FOR HIS EXCELLENT CHARACTERIZATION!!



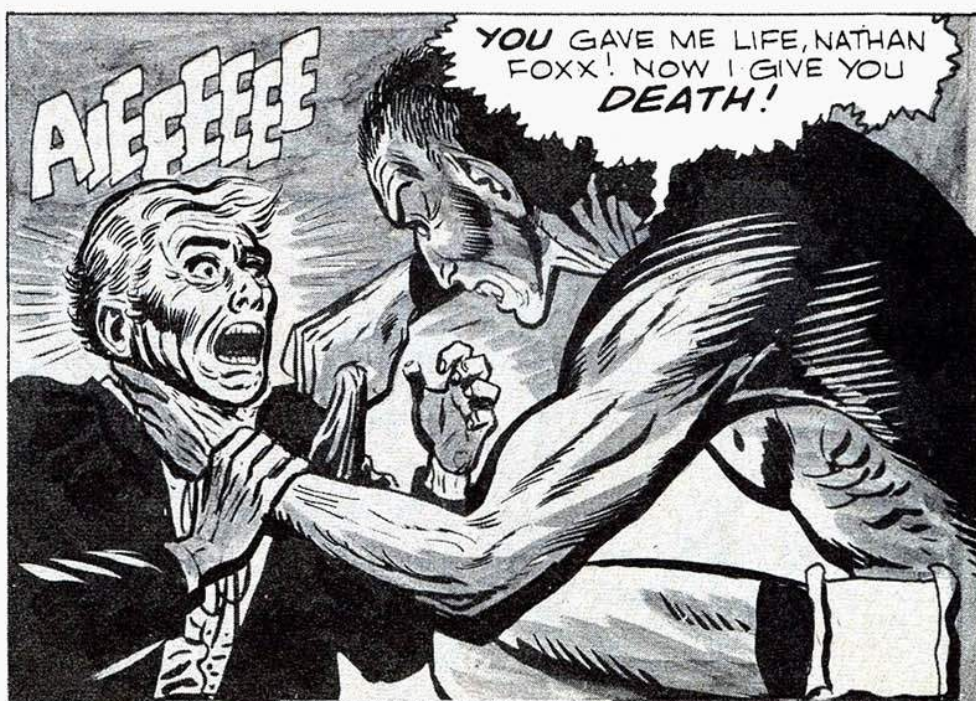
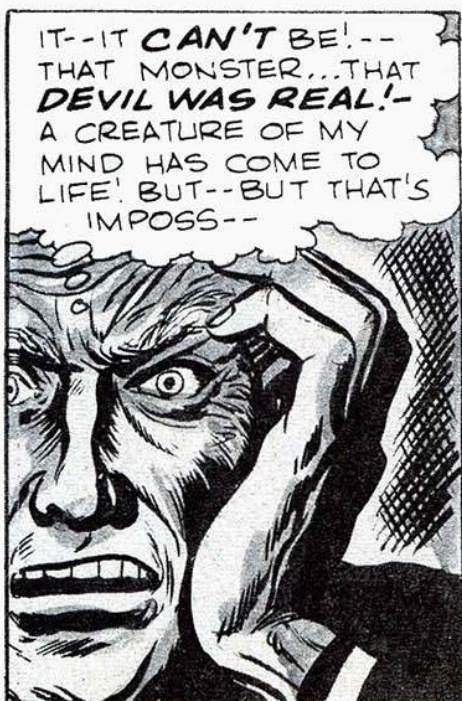
NATHAN FOLLOWED THE FLEEING FIGURE INTO THE DRESSING ROOM...



THESE MEN ARE **DEAD!!** THEIR THROATS... LOOKS AS IF THEY'D BEEN **BITTEN** BY AN **ANIMAL** OF SOME KIND--VERY STRANGE, INDEED!-



IT--IT **CAN'T** BE!-- THAT MONSTER... THAT **DEVIL WAS REAL!**-- A CREATURE OF MY MIND HAS COME TO LIFE! BUT--BUT THAT'S IMPOSS--



YOU GAVE ME LIFE, NATHAN FOXX! NOW I GIVE YOU **DEATH!**



**Y**OU CAN *FEEL* IT, CAN'T YOU? THERES SOMETHING *EVIL* ABOUT THE MOORS THIS NIGHT--SOMETHING DARK..STRANGE..SINISTER...



CURSE THIS WEATHER--THAT A MAN SHOULD BE ABOUT ON THE MOORS ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!

BUT THE WOMAN NEEDS HER MEDICINE-- AND THERE BE NO-ONE ELSE TO FETCH IT FOR HER! I....

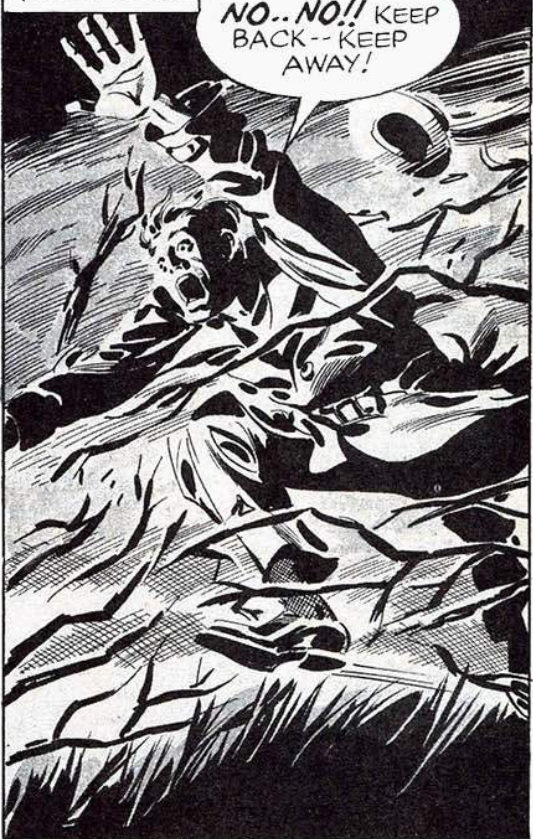
**W**HAT WAS *THAT*? IS IT MERELY THE SNAPPING OF A TWIG OR...



MERCIFUL SAINTS! IN THE SHADOWS-- THOSE *EYES*...

I-I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!

**B**RAMBLES AND BRANCHES CLUTCH AT YOU AS YOU RACE BLINDLY ACROSS THE MOOR--TEARING AT YOUR CLOTHES-- TRYING DESPERATELY TO HOLD YOU FOR THE NAMELESS TERROR THAT NIPS AT YOUR FEET...



NO..NO!! KEEP BACK-- KEEP AWAY!

**R**UN--*RUN*...ACROSS A FOG-DRAPED LANDSCAPE ALIVE WITH EVERY DARK FEAR YOU'VE EVER KNOWN--ALL THE TERRORS THAT CAME TO YOU IN YOUR DREAMS *LIVE* THIS NIGHT...



**R**UN ON-- EVER ONWARD-- UNTIL THERE IS *NOWHERE* LEFT TO RUN...



I-I CAN'T RUN ANYMORE! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE OUT-DISTANCED WHATEVER IT WAS ...*I'M SAFE!*



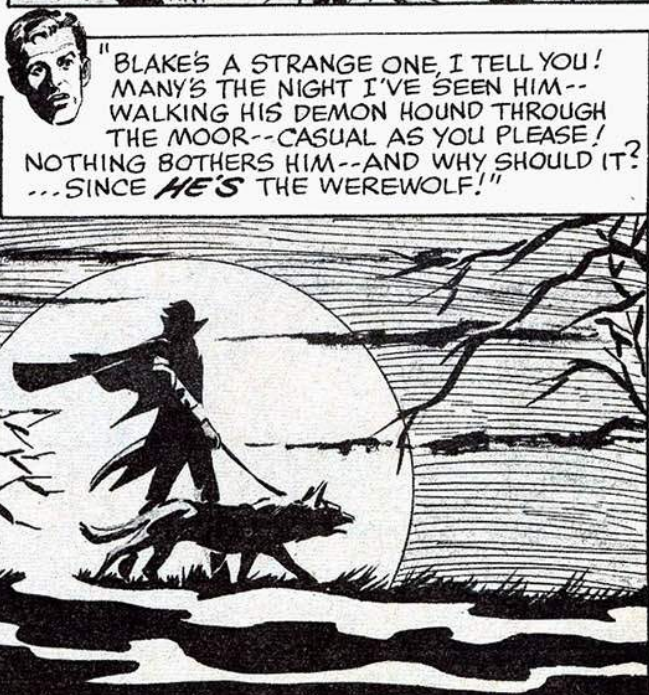
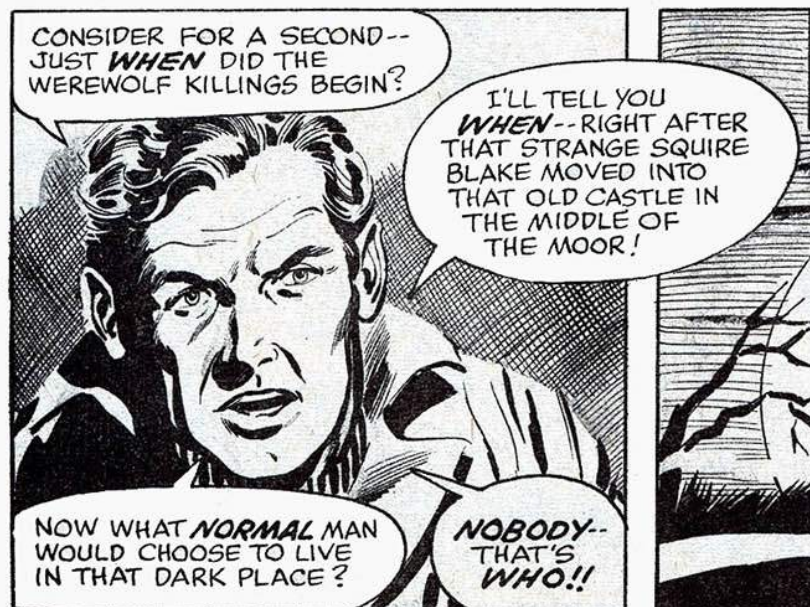
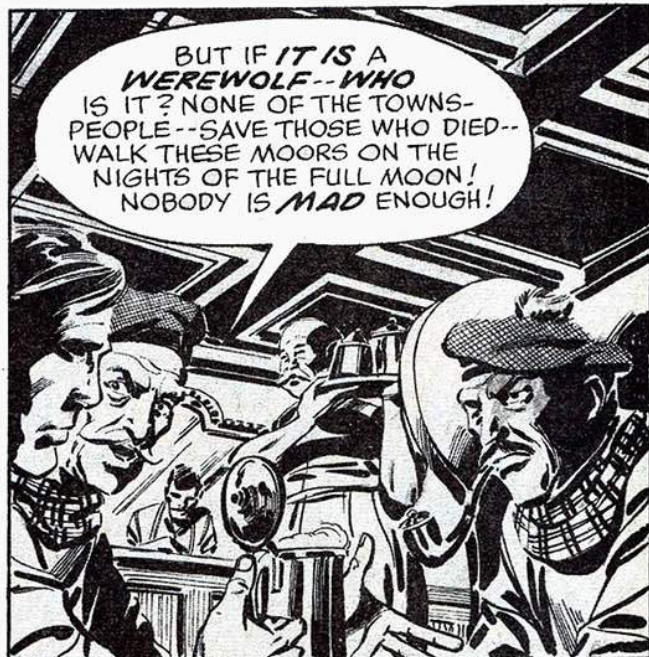
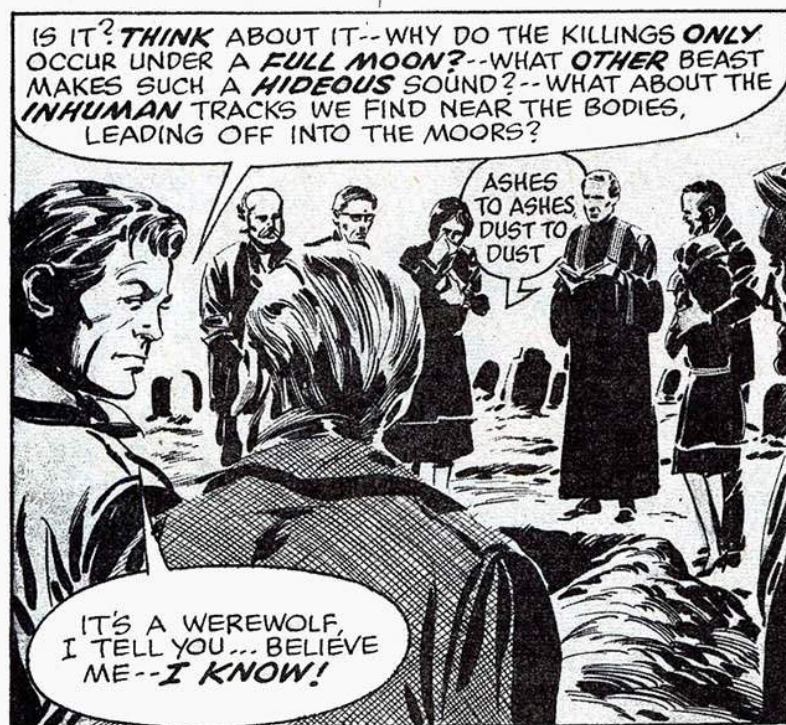
THE SIGH OF RELIEF FREEZES  
IN YOUR THROAT AS THE  
SILENCE OF THE MOOR IS  
SHATTERED BY THE SAVAGE CRY  
OF A GREAT, INHUMAN BEAST  
THAT HURLS ACROSS THE  
DARKNESS AT YOU, BAYING  
TRIUMPHANTLY AT THE  
MELANCHOLY MOON...AND  
YOU **SCREAM**... ONE SHORT  
HOPELESS **SCREAM**...

# THE DEADLY MARK OF THE BEAST!





THEY FOUND THE BODY IN THE MORNING, LYING TORN AND BLEEDING IN THE TALL MARSH GRASS...



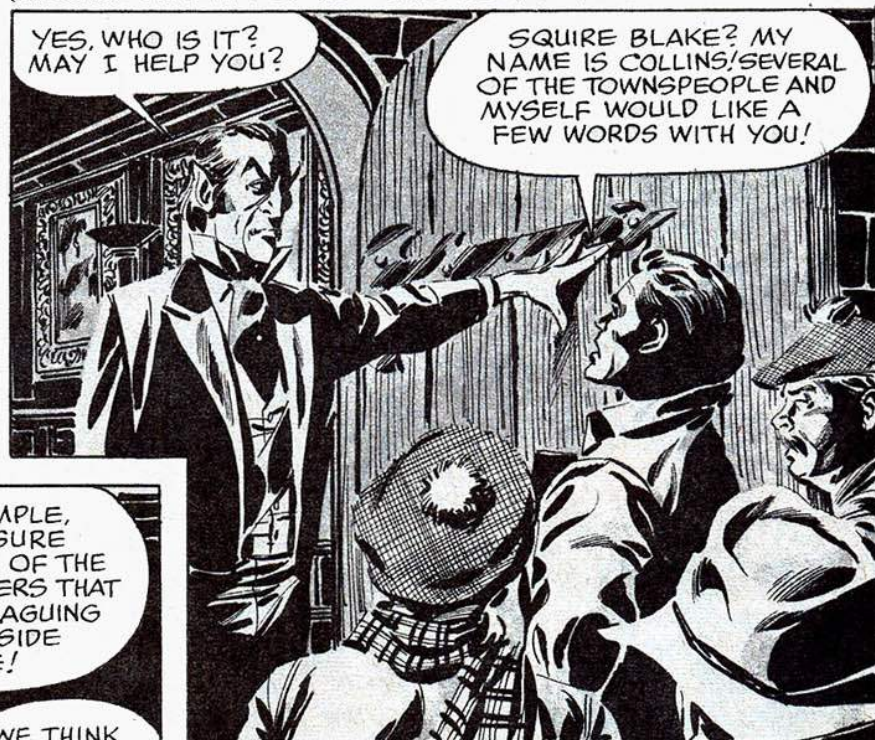


ELIOT'S *RIGHT!* SOME OF US SHOULD GO OUT TO BLAKE'S CASTLE AND HAVE IT OUT WITH HIM!



THUNDER ECHOES THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF THE OLD CASTLE AS ELIOT COLLINS AND THE OTHERS HAMMER AT THE BIG BRASS KNOCKER THAT HANGS FROM THE DOOR--UNTIL FINALLY...

YES, WHO IS IT?  
MAY I HELP YOU?



SQUIRE BLAKE? MY NAME IS COLLINS! SEVERAL OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE AND MYSELF WOULD LIKE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU!

WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

IT'S VERY SIMPLE, SQUIRE--I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD OF THE BRUTAL MURDERS THAT HAVE BEEN PLAGUING THE COUNTRYSIDE OF LATE!

YES, OF COURSE, BUT WHY...

WE THINK YOU'RE THE *MURDERER*, SQUIRE--WE THINK YOU'RE A *WEREWOLF!*



YOU INCREDIBLE FOOLS--WHAT DIFFERENCE IS IT TO *ME* WHEN I WALK THE MOORS? THROUGH MY EYES, IT'S *ALWAYS* NIGHT!



I'M *BLIND*, GENTLEMEN--STONE BLIND!

ME--A MURDERER? HA-HA! Y-YOU MUST BE *JOKING!*

WE'RE QUITE SERIOUS, SQUIRE! THERE ARE TOO MANY THINGS ABOUT YOU THAT MAKE NO SENSE! WHY FOR EXAMPLE DO YOU WALK THE MOORS AT *NIGHT* WHEN *SAVE* MEN STAY IN THEIR HOMES? WHY...



WE-WE *DIDN'T* KNOW! WE'RE SORRY--SO SORRY!

WE-WE WON'T *BOTHER* YOU ANYMORE!

WELL, SEE THAT YOU *DON'T!* NOW GET *OUT* OF HERE AND LEAVE ME *ALONE!*



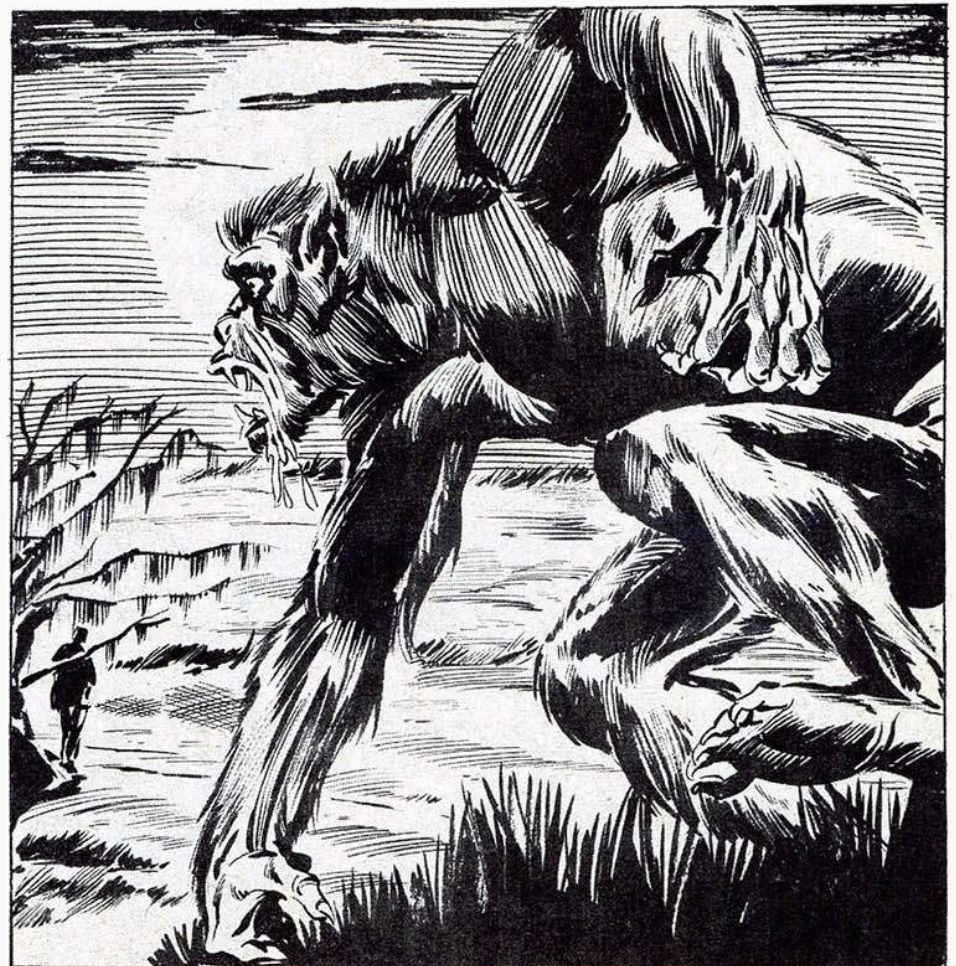




THE FULL MOON CASTS ITS PETRIFIED GAZE DOWN ON THE FOG-SWEPT COUNTRYSIDE-- AND IN MANY HOMES, BRAVE MEN PREPARE TO FACE THEIR FATE...



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, A DARK-EYED DEMON PROWLs THE MOORS ONCE MORE...





**A**S THE BEAST-MAN SPRINGS FROM THE SHADOWS, A GREAT ROPE-NET DROPS FROM ABOVE AND...



IT WORKED!  
WE DID IT!

THE WEREWOLF--  
"THE SQUIRE"--  
IS OURS!

**B**UT AT THAT MOMENT...



ELIOT? ELIOT--YOU  
FORGOT YOUR...

CLAIRE...  
CLAIRE, GO BACK!  
KEEP AWAY FROM  
HERE!

**F**OR ONE FATEFUL SECOND, MRS. COLLINS STANDS UNCERTAIN OF WHAT TO DO NEXT-- AND THAT SECOND PROVES TO BE HER LAST...



CLAIRE!!  
OH, MY GOD--  
NOOO!

**I**NSTANTS LATER, THE NET IS IN RIBBONS AND THE NIGHT-WALKING BEAST IS GONE-- LEAVING DEATH AND DESPAIR IN ITS WAKE...



CLAIRE! OH, MY POOR, DEAR  
CLAIRE-- WHAT HAVE I DONE  
TO YOU? WHAT HAVE  
I DONE?

BLAM! BLAM!



DEMON!  
HELLSPAWN!  
YOU'RE  
THROUGH!  
DO YOU  
HEAR ME?  
--THROUGH!  
YOU WON'T  
LIVE TO  
WALK THE  
NIGHT AGAIN!  
I SWEAR IT!  
YOU BLOODY  
BEAST-- I  
SWEAR IT!



IT DIDN'T TAKE THE SQUIRE LONG TO ANSWER THE FURIOUS KNOCKING...



SQUIRE, IT'S **ME** AGAIN-- **COLLINS!** I'VE COME FOR A RECKONING!

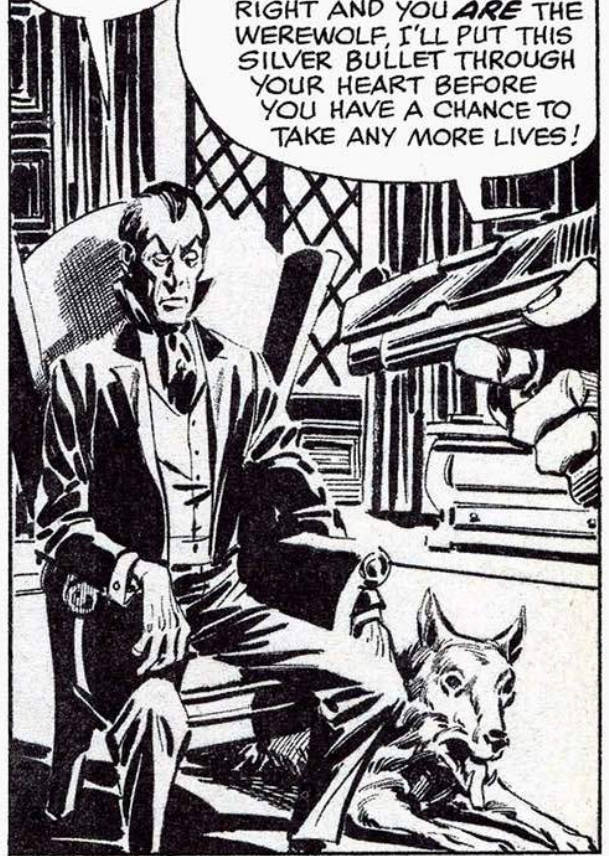
A **RECKONING?** REALLY, COLLINS-- SUCH HARSH WORDS! STILL-- YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME IN!

BUT ONCE INSIDE THE MUSTY OLD HOUSE...



ALL RIGHT, SQUIRE-- JUST MOVE SLOWLY AND SIT DOWN! YOU MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SEE IT-- BUT I'VE GOT A GUN POINTED AT YOUR HEART-- A GUN WITH A **SILVER BULLET!**

BUT **WHY?** WHAT WILL **SHOOTING** ME AVAIL YOU?



IT'S **SIMPLE**, OLD MAN! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO SIT HERE QUIETLY UNTIL THE FULL MOON RISES TONIGHT! IF **I'M** RIGHT AND YOU **ARE** THE WEREWOLF, I'LL PUT THIS SILVER BULLET THROUGH YOUR HEART BEFORE YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO TAKE ANY MORE LIVES!

THE DAY PASSES AND THE SUN SCORES ITS WEARY PATH ACROSS THE SKY UNTIL FINALLY--AS DUSK LIGHTS THE DAY...

COLLINS, WOULD YOU MIND IF I MOVED OVER TO THE WINDOW? I LIKE TO FEEL THE RAYS OF THE DYING SUN WARM ON MY FACE!



ALL RIGHT-- BUT REMEMBER, I'VE GOT THIS PISTOL AIMED AT YOUR HEART AT ALL TIMES!

THE SUN DIPS BEHIND THE HORIZON AND FINALLY, AS THE PALE MOON TAKES ITS PLACE...



COLLINS-- I HAVE TO...

OH NO YOU **DON'T!** I'VE GOT YOU NOW, **WEREWOLF!!**





AND SO... THE **END**



# NIGHTMARE'S NIGHTMAIL



Of course we don't have any mail yet. However, to get things writhing in the right direction, we've asked some of our contributing writers, artists, and other interested parties for their comments on what they'd like to do or see.—Meantime, start sending us those letters, and within a few issues, Nightmare's Nightmail page will be your's.

Send to: Nightmare's Nightmail, Room 1501  
18 East 41st Street, New York City, N.Y. 10017

Looking through most of the horror publications, I see that most of the pieces are rather contemporary. What a drag. I would like to see a few pieces with some historical settings. Let's change the mood a bit, horror is something of the past as well as the present. A Gothic tale would be great, or how about a story with the background of prehistoric man? The possibilities are many and I hope that your publication will take a giant leap in this direction.

Jack Rider

Did any of you down there on the staff of 'Nightmare' ever think that transferred to another world, man, as we know him could be considered a monster? What is really monstrous is a relative thing. Actually, man could be about as horrible as a monster as once could find in a world where our looks could be considered ugly. Perhaps in another world somewhere, horror magazines are being printed that contain monsters that are comparable to an average man and woman. It's something to give thought to.

A thoughtful fan,  
Charles Clifton

Did you fellows ever think of getting away from the standard six and eight page stories? It is my impression that it is almost impossible to develop any type of story within such a limited space. I think it would be to your advantage to consider expanding the stories to 12 or 15 pages or more. These added pages I am sure would give your magazines quite an ad-

vantage over other weird type mags now on the newstands. Hoping to see some big ones.

A Horror fan,  
Richard Fields

Since learning of your new title 'Nightmare,' I was discussing the branching out of this mystery, horror type field with some artist friends of mine. We hope your magazine will introduce some of the better talented illustrators of not only the comics, but other fields as well. What better place than a periodical of this type to let a truly good artist loose beyond his wildest imagination. Editor Sol Brodsky is a good knowledgeable guy to work with, and I for one, am looking forward to making my contribution. Others will be approaching Mr. B shortly.

Name withheld

I am an avid fan of all 'Nightmare' type books, and am constantly torn between magazines that have wild type panels, and those of conventional panel break up which some readers claim is easier to read. What usually happens though is that I wind up buying just about every magazine of this kind that hits the stands. Please try to break up the stories as far as line and tone goes. I would think all of one technique could become tiring. Am looking forward to your future issues, and also other type magazines you will be producing.

Stu Quinn  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sixty four pages for half a dollar? Wow! That's the best buy in the field. Other books are forty eight pages, and others seem to be going for a higher price. Just keep giving me the type of work you're starting out with, and I'll be hooked for life. Good to see some of the real pros in this issue. I'm sure others will get on the bandwagon. Just one more thing. Congrats on the Bill Everett Pin-Up. It's a beauty. (Beauty?) I hope you'll be doing a series of these. I'm sure one day they'll be collector's items.

Bobby Fine  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Happy to see a new horror-type book hitting the stands. As a fan of this type of magazine, these are some of the things I'd like to see:

Some stories other than vampires—there have been too many of them.

Also, how's about some modern-day monsters? Too many of the stories take place in the old, old days. As a reader of today, I'd like some horror stories that can happen in our era.

Good Luck and let's have some modern monsters.

Richard Selma

I was extremely delighted to see that our staff was enlightened enough to deal with a topic as controversial and as menacing as pollution to use as the cover story for the first issue of "Nightmare." It is refreshing to see a magazine of this nature take on a problem so vital to our very existence and, of course, give it the monstrous implications our magazine specializes in.

It is our hope in this magazine to introduce topics that will reflect real horrors that are happening in society today. If possible, I would like to see "Nightmare" always have something crucial to today as its cover story and perhaps set a new trend in horror type magazines. It is our hope that through a magazine of our type, some of the "real" horrors of life can be recognized.

H. Waldman

WHAT DO YOU THINK?